SOME BY-PRODUCTS OF MISSIONS

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Some By-Products of Missions

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PREFACE

Some three or four years ago I began speaking on the influence of missions as a factor in the civilization of the world, holding that outside of all religious considerations missions had justified themselves by their influence in the government, the education, the science, the health, the wealth, and the trade of the world. Persons who were interested in the method of the presentation of the subject were still inclined at times to say, "But this is not mission work."

I was willing to admit that it was not, and yet I insisted that it was a product of mission work. In traveling about the country I was taken to visit various great enterprises, and was shown their products, but was told that a larger proportion of their income was a result of their by-products than of their direct products, and it one day popped into my head that all these things that I had been thinking of as the products of missions were in reality but

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by-products. The products of missions are regenerated human beings, while all these other things are simply by-products, consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, the result of mission work.

There are those of my friends who have thought that I gave the gospel too much credit for our Western—I will not say Christian—civilization. That it is the result of Greek and Roman pre-Christian forces, all of which I have considered in my thinking, and have accorded them their place; but I believe that, after all credit is given to all other influences, it is still the power of regeneration, the method of obtaining which Jesus Christ communicated to His followers, that best accounts for it all.

I have called the book "Some By-products of Missions" because I have only touched upon a few of the great subjects that might be treated under this head. Dr. Barton, from whom I have quoted in several of my chapters, published a few months ago an interesting series of articles in the *Misisonary Herald,* under the title "By-Products of Foreign Missions." In these he treated of "Industrial Advance," "New Social Order," "Blunted Sense of Re-

sponsibility," "Co-operation and Unity," "Modern Medicine in the East," "A New Commerce," "Modern Education," etc., all of which, and many others, might properly be taken up under this head. May I not hope that many of my readers will take up other lines of thought and call the attention of the people to the direct as well as the indirect influences of Christianity in the development of all phases of modern progress?

I make no apology for publishing the book, as I have been asked by the publishers to write it, and repeatedly urged the past two years to put my thoughts into print. The chapters as they stand were given to the theological department of Boston University, and my only hope is that they may be as kindly received by the public as they were by the students.

I. T. H.

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Some By-Products of Missions

CHAPTER I

AN AGE OF BY-PRODUCTS

The present is an age of by-products. On every hand, instead of the small dealer of a few decades past, we see great business firms, combinations, trusts, utilizing for personal wealth and public good every scrap of material that was formerly thrown away as worse than useless by private individuals.

I recently visited a great sawmill. I found a man on a platform on the riverside, with a long pole, tipped with a hook, in his hand, with which he was guiding great logs to an inclined plane. Here they were caught by a moving chain, carried to the second story of the building, where they were dumped by a piece of machinery onto another inclined plane. They rolled down to a truck, where they were fastened by two men with jacks, and were shot back and forth with a piston past a belt-saw with teeth on both sides. As it moved forward, a board was taken off; as it came back, another board was taken off, and a log twenty feet

long and twenty-one inches in diameter was sawed into boards in one and three-quarters to two minutes' time.

Every scrap of wood was used either for lath, for slats, for scantling, or for fuel, while the sawdust was made into wood-alcohol, and the exhaust steam was carried over to a salt factory next door and made to run machinery enough to enable six men to make five hundred barrels of salt a day worth ninety-five cents a barrel.

The Chinese have a sawmill. This is nothing more nor less than two men, a file, and a big buck-saw. One end of the log is elevated by placing it across another piece of timber, and while one man stands on the log the other stands beneath, blinking his eyes to keep the sawdust out; and what the American sawmill makes into boards in two minutes the Chinese sawmill does in from two to three days' time.

What is true of the sawmill is equally true of the packing house. I was in Wichita, Kan., recently. The mayor of the city said to me one Saturday morning:

"How would you like to visit the Cudahy packing factory this afternoon?"

"Delighted," I answered. I had been born on a farm, and I remembered distinctly how, as a boy, my father and brothers, with a neighbor or two, used to spend one day preparing to butcher. The next day they killed eight or nine hogs, and the following day they spent "cleaning up."

The mayor called for me in his auto about one o'clock Saturday afternoon. We were taken at once to the rear of the factory, where the hogs were driven into a little pen. A man hooked a chain to one leg of each of the animals and the other end of the chain to a large wheel. With the revolving of the wheel the hog was raised from the floor and dropped from the wheel to a moving trolley. It was stuck by the first man it came to, and the blood was caught and used. It passed through a boiling vat, was scraped by machinery, and the hair saved and utilized.

As the body passed along the line of men, about thirty in all, one man slit it down the front; another disemboweled it, tossing the entrails into a trough, where they were examined by Government inspectors to see if the animal was healthy. A third man took off the head;

a fourth slit it down the back; a fifth cut it in halves with a single stroke of a cleaver; and when it reached the end of the line it was carried away in pieces to the shelves. Everything about the hog: hoofs, hair, entrails, blood, even to the contents of the stomach and bowels, were used—everything, I was told, except the squeal; and there were men there with moving-picture machines and phonographs, catching the movements and the squeal, which they proposed to sell in their nickelodeons. And I was assured the largest profits of the packing houses come not from the meat, but from the by-products.

The by-products of Standard oil are greater and more numerous, perhaps, than of any other single kind of business. To enumerate them would be tiresome. Among them, however, there are several that are of paramount importance. The pipe-line, as a method of transportation, is a by-product of Standard oil from which she derives one of her largest incomes. Analine dies are another, and the world had to wait for a good automobile and a flying machine until Standard oil produced gasoline in such quantities and at such prices as would justify its use as fuel.

CHAPTER II

BY-PRODUCTS IN GOVERNMENT

In the last chapter of Matthew, the last three verses, during one of His final conversations with His disciples, Jesus Christ says, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." That is one of the most tremendous claims that any living being could make. Moses would not have dared to utter such a sentence. David could not. Paul could not. Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon would not have dared to make a statement of that kind—no one that has ever lived but Jesus Christ would dare to say, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

But is it true? That is a fair question. As to whether all power in heaven is given unto Him we need have no concern here; we propose to confine ourself more particularly to the question as to whether all power on earth is given unto Jesus Christ.

His next word to His disciples was to "go . . . and teach all nations." The disciples went. And it might be of interest to those who

have the time and disposition to do so to find out which of the disciples went the farthest. If asked, I have no doubt most of us would answer, Paul. But if we will study the First Epistle of Peter we will find that it is written to the Churches scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Capadocia, Asia, and Bythnia; Churches which were established by Paul and Silas, all of which Peter had probably visited with Silas and Mark. The letter, we will find by referring to the last verses of the book, was written from Babylon (or Rome), and was carried by Sylvanus (Silas). We find Peter preaching in Samaria, Lydda, Joppa, Cæsarea, Antioch; and Paul tells the Corinthians that he could lead around a wife or a sister as well as Cephas or Barnabas—indicating that Peter had been at Corinth. Peter was probably crucified at Rome; in other words, we find Peter in all the places Paul had been.

A similar study of the Seven Churches to which John wrote, together with his banishment and death, will show that John was almost as great a traveler as Peter and Paul. The men who heeded this command to the letter, and went the farthest, are the greatest of the

Twelve. They are not greatest, perhaps, because they heeded this command, but because they were the greatest they were big enough to grasp Jesus' meaning.

As I have indicated above, the disciples went according to the last command of Jesus Christ. They went to Italy, and Italy became a power. They or their successors in mission work went on to Spain, and Spain became a power. They went to Portugal, and Portugal became a power. And Italy, Spain, and Portugal were the political powers of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. It was they who discovered China and revealed her to Europe. It was they who also discovered America and revealed her to the world. It was they who first rounded Cape Horn. It was they who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope; indeed, it was they who made the first tour around the world.

But they did not give the Bible to all the people—they gave it to the priests, who in turn interpreted it to the people, and thus they reached a certain stage of development, where they stopped, as all countries have done that have not given the Bible to all the people, making each individual responsible both to God and

man for his own conduct. Witness the Roman Catholic countries of Europe, of South America, and Mexico—not one of them stands in the front rank among the nations of the world as first-class political powers.

Luther went down to Italy; he returned to Germany, translated the Bible into the German language, gave it to all the German people, and Germany became a power. It was taken to England, given to all the English people, and England became a power. It was brought over to America, placed in the hands of all the American people, with liberty to study it at will, and America became a power; and Germany, England, and America are the three political powers of the world to-day. It is worthy of note too that England and America are giving more than six times as much toward foreign missions as all the rest of the Protestant world combined.

All political power, since the coming of Jesus Christ into the world and the establishment of Christianity, has been and still is in the hands of the man and the country with the Bible; and hence Jesus Christ might have said, All political power is given unto Me.

I realize how dangerous it is to attempt to

give in so few sentences a summary of the political power of the world. I realize that there are those who, not being Christians themselves, will recall the temporary Mohammedan uprising with the Moorish supremacy of the Dark Ages, and the Mongol invasion of Europe. In spite of all this, however, I am ready to risk the statement that the political power of the world as it stands to-day is the result of the gospel of Jesus Christ, though I realize, as I shall show hereafter, that all the governments are going counter to that gospel.

It may be urged by some that, while such remarkable transformations might have been brought about in the political conditions of the world in early times, they would be impossible in this age. To all such I answer:

Fifty years ago Japan was a closed land. I am not disposed to deny that Japan had a civilization of her own, nor am I disposed to deny that among a people of her own kind she had a certain sort of political power; but the ease with which her doors were opened by Commodore Perry is the best evidence that it was not of the same character as that which she wields to-day.

Japan had had Confucianism, Buddhism, and Shintoism for fifteen hundred years, and she slept; but with fifty years of the preaching and teaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ and the introduction of the by-products of that same gospel, Japan is awake and has become a power—and such a power that the nations of Europe dare not discuss any questions concerning the Orient without consulting Japan.

It would be interesting here to note the progress that Japan has made in all phases of social, political, commercial, and educational life. How the sexes mingled promiscuously naked in the public bath and in the home; how the government almost at a single bound leaped from the feudalism of the Middle Ages to the constitutional monarchy of the present time; how in a half century, from a few junks trading from port to port, or with China, she has taken a place next to Great Britain as a sea-faring people, and with great banking houses and commercial establishments not only throughout her own empire, but throughout the world; how from an inability to resist ten small ships under the command of Commodore Perry she has within a period of ten years destroyed the fleets

of two great empires; how her army has been transformed from incompetent soldiers armed with swords and pikes and chain armor of the Middle Ages into a multitude of troops that commanded the admiration of the allied armies of the world during the Boxer War, and whose mothers ordered them, when they went to fight with Russia, to come back either a victor or a corpse; and how, finally, her few schools teaching the Confucian classics have been developed into a great public-school system, with high schools, colleges, and universities scattered throughout the whole empire. So that the Japanese have been the first people to prove that a whole nation may obtain an education along new lines during the lifetime of a single individual.

And now I challenge you to study the history of her educational development and see if the first schools were not established by the missionaries, if her first government schools were not under the conduct of men who went to Japan as missionaries, and if the first schools established by educated natives were not opened as Christian schools by men who had been assisted by Christian people abroad.

If there are those who are disposed to insist that trade had most to do with the making of the new Japan, let me call their attention to the fact that Japan had been trading regularly with the Dutch since 1611—three hundred years and more. And these Dutch traders had been promised by the Japanese Shogun that "they in all places, countries and islands under mine obedience, may traffic and build homes serviceable and needful for their trade and merchandises, where they may trade without any hindrance at their pleasure, as well in time to come as for the present, so that no man may do them any wrong. And I will maintain and defend them as mine own subjects." They were there for their own personal and private ends, and when these were secured they were satisfied. It was not till a man went with a free Bible, a free school, and a free and efficient system of medicine which would bring relief from pain, with the object of doing good to the people, that the new régime was brought about.

Turn now to the greater empire of China. One hundred years ago the Protestant gospel, which represents *regeneration* and a *free Bible*,

was taken to the Chinese. China had had Taoism for twenty-four hundred years, Confucianism twenty-three hundred years, Buddhism eighteen hundred years, and Mohammedanism twelve hundred years, and she made but tardy progress. But with one hundred years of the teaching and preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the circulation of a free Bible among the people, China is awake and is making more rapid progress than has ever been made by any nation of similar population or dimensions at any time in the history of the world.

When I went to China, a little more than twenty years ago, there was just one school opened by the Chinese Government teaching foreign learning, and that was opened and presided over by a man who went to China as a missionary, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, though there were numerous missionary schools, colleges, and universities scattered throughout the empire. And it is worthy of note that the first six colleges and universities established by the Chinese Government were opened and presided over by five men who went to China as missionaries: the Tung Wen Kuan and the Pe-

king Imperial University by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the Tientsin University by Dr. C. D. Tenney, the Shantung University by Dr. W. M. Hayes, the Nan Yang College by Dr. John C. Ferguson, and the Shansi University by Dr. Timothy Richards; while the first attempt at a public-school system was also established by Dr. Tenney in the metropolitan province of Chihli, and a scheme for a similar one drawn up for the Shantung Province by Dr. Hayes. One school teaching foreign learning opened by the government twenty years ago, while at the present time there are more than forty thousand schools, colleges, and universities opened by the Chinese Government and engaged in teaching the learning of the West.

All political power has been given to Jesus Christ. I am not trying to interpret the passage of Scripture with which I began this chapter, but such is the verdict of the world nineteen hundred years after that sentence was uttered by the Master.

CHAPTER III

BY-PRODUCTS IN TRADE

Last winter I was invited to deliver a lecture in the parlors of Mr. B—— in Riverdale on the Hudson. You know it is a lecture when you get a hundred dollars for it, a talk when you give it at a missionary meeting, and a sermon when you preach it on Sunday. Well, that was a lecture. I learned that evening on my way to Mr. B——'s home that his salary is the same as that of the President of the United States, though he is only vice-president of a great life insurance company. I learned also that if Adam had put $100,000 in a bank the year he was created, and had continued to deposit $100,000 a year every year from that time until 1912 without getting any interest on it, he would not have as much money in the bank to-day as this insurance company has assets. Wealth, wealth, wealth! It is impossible for me to say how many millions of dollars were represented by that audience.

At the close of the lecture Mr. P——, the partner of Mr. M——, came up and shook hands with me and expressed the pleasure he had had in listening to what I had to say. I was told that evening that on one occasion Mr. P—— went down to see Mr. M——. They transacted some big piece of business, at the conclusion of which Mr. M—— said, "P——, what are you getting a year now?"

"Oh, I 'm getting a fair living."

"You are getting $50,000 a year; are you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I 'm reserving this desk for you."

"What do you mean?"

"I 'm reserving this desk for you in my office. When you are ready to come and take this desk I have $250,000 a year for you."

Mr. P—— took that position, and gave it up a year later for something bigger.

When he expressed the pleasure he had had in listening to what I had said, I answered:

"Mr. P——, I like to talk to men who are doing big things, and it is no mere compliment to you to say you are doing big things. Have I overstated the bigness of the gospel or the importance of Christian missions?"

"No; I do n't think you have," he answered. "Christian missions have always been the forerunners of trade."

There is your business man; he sees missions from the standpoint of trade; and it is not too much to say that the missionary is the unsalaried drummer for the commerce of the world.

"But, Mr. P——," I urged, "is not trade itself a development of Christian missions?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Have you ever seen a Chinese junk or a Japanese junk or a Hindoo junk or an African junk in an American port?"

"No; I do not think I have."

"Well, what junks are carrying the trade of the world?"

"Why, of course, the vessels made in Christian countries."

"What men have developed the trade of the world? Was it the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindoos, or the Africans?"

"No; of course not. It was the men in Christian countries."

"Now, Mr. P——, how do you explain the fact that the men in Christian countries developed the trade of the world, and the vessels

made in Christian countries are carrying the trade of the world, if it is not first or last a result of the gospel and Christian missions?"

"I had not thought of it in that way," he answered. "It does look as if it were."

"Another thing, Mr. P——," I continued; "God says that 'the cattle on a thousand hills are all Mine, the silver and the gold is all Mine.' Now, if the silver and gold is all God's, the coal in the earth is God's too."

"Yes," he answered; "there is no violation of logic about that."

"Well, I come from Pennsylvania, and that State is underlaid with coal, and we are making scores of millionaires from the coal they are taking out of the earth. That is God's coal and God's money.

"Then," I continued, "if the coal in the earth is God's, the gas—I mean the natural gas —is also God's. But we are making scores of millionaires from the natural gas they are taking out of the earth.

"Then, further, if the coal and gas are God's, the oil in the earth is also God's. But, can you think of Standard Oil without coupling it in your thought with multi-millionaires?"

"No," he answered; "I always think of Standard Oil and multi-millionaires at the same time."

So do I; don't you?

One of the Standard Oil men told me that when they first began taking the oil out of the earth there were people who complained that they had no right to do so; that God had hidden this oil deep down in the earth to blow up the world when he got ready to do so, and they were robbing God. Now, this may not be very good reasoning or very good sense, but they tacitly admit that it is God's oil.

I often go to the Duquesne Club, when I am in Pittsburgh, for my luncheons (one man had the temerity to ask me at a laymen's missionary convention who paid for those luncheons). There I see multi-millionaires going about like so many school boys—made from the iron they have taken out of the earth.

I have just been for a trip up through Montana, where we have our copper kings; and down through California, where we have our gold kings; and out in Colorado, where we have our silver kings; and then in South Africa we have our diamond kings. But those diamonds

and that gold and silver and copper and iron and coal and gas and oil might have remained buried deep down in the earth for another million years if a gospel-developed man had not gone to take them out, for I challenge my readers to find anywhere in the world a single millionaire—not to say multi-millionaire—made in any non-Christian country in the world from any of those things which God hid away in the earth and says "are Mine." He has given His wealth to the man to whom He has given the gospel; for the wealth of the world is in the hands of the gospel-developed man. And in the light of the twentieth century Jesus Christ might have said, "*All the power of wealth* has been given unto Me, and I have given it unto you."

And we exclaim, "Why, O Master, hast Thou given it unto us?"

And we seem to hear His answer echoing down through the centuries in the form of His last great commission:

"Go, teach all nations."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me to the uttermost parts of the earth."

I have given you the wealth; I have given you the power; I have given you the intelligence; I have given you the conveyances. GO!

There are four great sources of wealth: mining, agriculture, stock-raising, and getting control of the forces of nature; and I think I would be safe in challenging my readers to find a single millionaire made in any non-Christian country from any one of these four sources. There are millionaires in China. Li Hung-chang was said to be one; but his money was invested in pawn-shops, and his wealth was made by preying on the poor. There are millionaires in India; but their wealth, as in China, will be found to be the result of taxation of the poor.

When Mr. P—— said that "Christian missions have always been the forerunners of trade," I could not but feel that I was in a position to give him pointers on missions and trade.

When I went to China twenty years ago we could not get a bag of American flour in all that empire. When I left Peking I saw piled up on the bund in Tientsin stacks of American flour thirty feet high, a hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile along the bund, and I said

to myself, "The great wheat-raisers of our Northwest could afford to pay all the expenses of all the missions in China—educational, evangelistic, and medical—for the business that has come to them." Standard Oil could afford to do the same. When I went to China we could not get a can of oil except by having it shipped from San Francisco or Chicago. Now Standard Oil is the light of Asia. They burn it in their lamps; they burn it in their small stoves; they cook their food with it. They dip their water and make their tea and wash their dishes and sweep up their dust in utensils made from Standard Oil tins. Nay, they even roof their houses with Standard Oil tins; indeed, in all kinds of domestic uses the Standard Oil tin rivals, and in many cases supplants, the omnipresent bamboo.

And what shall we say of the Singer sewing machine? That company will testify that the first sewing machines that they sent to the non-Christian world were carried by the missionaries. The natives watched them with open mouth as well as open eyes. They began buying them themselves, and now we see their advertisements in all the native papers. We see

them pasted on their walls; we see them in their shops and in their homes, and hear them singing as we pass along the streets. And I can not look at the tower of the great Singer Building as I enter the harbor at New York without saying to myself, "I helped to build that tower," for I was one of the unsalaried drummers that helped to open up one of the largest markets in the world to the Singer sewing machine.

Men, I speak to you now. If you want to talk business, the biggest investment this world has is the gospel of Jesus Christ. It has done more toward the development of man and more toward the development of the world than any other one force. And next to the gospel is the men who carry the gospel. No greater mistake can be made by shortsighted, narrow-minded, selfish business men than to suppose that missions interfere with business. They promote trade. The only business that missions would interfere with, if they could, would be the shipping of such intoxicants as injure the health and character of the natives. And the time will come, if it is not even now upon us, when every highminded business man of vision and fore-

sight will do all in his power to further missions, even though his motive be nothing higher than to promote his own business.

Indeed, if I were asked to state what would be the best form of advertising for the great American Steel Trust or Standard Oil or the Baldwin Locomotive Works (for we took twenty-seven Baldwin locomotives out of the hold of one steamer in China) or the Singer sewing machine, or any one of a dozen other great business concerns, I should say, Take up the support of one or two or a dozen mission stations, an educational institution, a hospital, a dispensary, or a hundred native preachers or teachers. Every one thus helped would be, consciously or unconsciously, a drummer for your goods, and the great Church they represent at home would be your advertising agents.

CHAPTER IV.

BY-PRODUCTS IN SCIENCE.

As THE missionaries went in obedience to the last command of the Master to teach all nations, they began establishing schools. They were monasteries and nunneries in old Roman Catholic times: they are colleges and universities to-day; and it was from the educational efforts of these early churchmen that have sprung all the great universities of early Europe.

With the advent of Protestantism the missionaries continued to go and to teach, and Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, and a multitude of other colleges, are the result of gifts from men who were stimulated with the thought that, "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged," an ordinance which they promulgated in 1787.

They began taking the young people into

their schools and teaching them, and then began to develop a new power in the world—the power of the intellect, the power of the reason, the power of invention, and the disposition to experiment.

These young people seriously undertook the study of nature and her laws. They soon discovered some of the powers of nature. They then began making their thoughts into machines (what is a locomotive or a trolley car but a thought made into a machine, with a power of nature—the expansive power of water or electricity—hitched to it?), and then these powers of nature pulled them over land and sea, and a similar power swishes them through the air.

Scientists tell us that our civilization is the result of our science; and I answer, Yes, largely. But our science is a result of our gospel; and hence all our civilization is only a synonym for the gospel of Jesus Christ—a by-product of the gospel. Trace this thought out to a last analysis, and we have a railroad train, a trolley car, a telegraph, a telephone, a phonograph, a watch in your pocket, a filling in your tooth, glasses on your eyes, and all the great

machinery-filled mills which it has required thought to produce, and thought and intelligence to operate. There is no reason to believe that we would have had any of these things to the degree we have them now but for the inspiration and intelligence that has been furnished by the gospel, and the Church and schools which are the embodiment of the Word of God.

It is worthy of note that, while the non-Christian peoples studied the stars, they never made an astronomy. I know what the ancient Greeks did in astronomy; how they constructed a theory (the Ptolemaic) which misled the world for fifteen hundred years. I know what Pythagoras did, and how nearly he came to the Copernican explanation of the solar system; but the science of astronomy as it stands to-day has been made by the Christian peoples. The Chinese predicted an eclipse more than seven hundred years B. C., and many of the facts of astronomy were stumbled upon by the Oriental peoples. They have written books upon the stars and the planets; but the facts of astronomy were never observed, collected, and classified in anything like a scientific way by any non-Christian people.

The non-Christian peoples have studied the rocks; but they have never made a geology. They have written books upon rocks and precious stones. They have opened mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, and indeed all kinds of metals. They have polished diamonds, rubies, jade, and all kinds of precious stones. They have worked crystals into goblets and snuff-bottles; but the classification of all the facts of the strata of the earth and their contents was left as a task for the man with a Bible.

The non-Christian peoples have likewise studied the flowers; but they have never made a botany. They have written thousands of books about the flowers; but they have failed to make the slightest observation as to their structure. One day while engaged in translating a botany with an old Chinese graduate scholar, I mentioned the parts of the flower, to which we had just come in our work.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean the structure of the flower, the regularity or irregularity of sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils," I explained.

"*Wo pu ming pai*" (I do not understand), he urged.

I went to the window, pulled two or three flowers, and pointed out what I meant.

With staring eyes and mouth agape he ejaculated:

"*Wo mei lü hui*" (I never observed that).

Again, the non-Christian peoples have written books upon the human system; but they have never made a physiology, a science of medicine, a science of dentistry, a science of optics —nor, indeed, *any science. Every science, natural and applied, that the world has to-day, has been made by the man that has been developed by the gospel of Jesus Christ.* Observe that I do not say: by a man who believes in Jesus Christ and His gospel. There are many men who have been developed in Christian schools, or in schools originally established by Christian men, who seem to think it an evidence of bigness or broadness to focus their minds upon an επι, and try to pick to pieces the shell from which they were hatched. There are many other men also—men of great intellectual power and thought and of correspondingly small spiritual power and faith—whose time has been so taken up in the development of their thinking powers and their observation of things

that they have had no time for the cultivation of their moral and spiritual faculties and the observation and classification of moral and spiritual facts and phenomena. They have done much for the advance of science; but they are the product of a Christian civilization, and but for the gospel and the educational system developed by the man with the Bible, we are quite safe in saying they never would have been.

Observe, further, that we did not say that all scientific facts have been observed by the man with the Bible. This would not be true. All the great peoples who have established great civilizations of ancient or modern times have been familiar with some, if not all, of the first principles of physics—the lever, the wheel and axle, the inclined plane, the pulley or the screw. Without these the Egyptians could never have built the pyramids or erected their great temples, tombs, or monuments. Without some observation of the facts of astronomy they would not have erected them with reference to the points of the compass as they did. But with the exception of the ancient Greeks and the Moors, we find no non-Christian peoples classifying their observations of laws or

things in anything like a scientific way. The ancient Greeks approximated this in euclid, astronomy, and logic, and the Moors made considerable progress in mathematics and astronomy; but these three sciences, with all other sciences, stand to-day as a by-product of the civilization developed by the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I suppose it will be admitted that the Chinese is the oldest and greatest non-Christian civilization that the world has ever developed. It has risen higher, has lasted longer, and has exerted a wider influence over more men and women than the civilization of any other pagan people. Moreover, the Chinese are a very practical people, having stumbled upon the mariner's compass eleven hundred years B. C., gunpowder some two hundred years B. C., the principle used in the pipe-organ two thousand to three thousand years B. C., printing five hundred years before Guttenberg, while they have made for themselves all the practical utensils of life. Their alchemists began experimenting in their search for the elixir of life some two or three centuries before the Christian era; some of them had an explosion, and it was thus

they stumbled upon gunpowder. But while they are a very practical people, they have never made an ounce of good gunpowder during their whole history. Although they discovered the mariner's compass some three thousand years ago, they have never made a good compass up to the present time; and although they antedated Guttenberg five hundred years in the discovery of printing, their Peking *Gazette* was both the oldest and worst-printed newspaper in the world.

These alchemists developed a system of science which we shall have occasion to mention further on in speaking of the Taoist religion. Their system, however, we will describe here. It is called *Feng Shua; feng* meaning wind, and *shua* meaning water, while the system itself controls or explains the fortune or misfortune —in a word, the luck—of all places and people. The scientists are the soothsayers, and it is impossible to locate a house, a well, a city, or a cemetery without first consulting these mouthpieces of nature. Let me give an illustration or two which will do more to make *Feng shua* clear than a whole volume of abstract explanation.

There is at Tung-chou, fifteen miles east of Peking, a pagoda thirteen stories high, weighing an indefinite thousand of tons. I once inquired of a native why this pagoda. He explained that formerly in that locality there was a shaking of the earth. A soothsayer was consulted concerning this phenomena. He explained that in that locality there was buried deep down in the earth a dragon, and that every time it winked its eye it caused a shaking of the earth. They further inquired as to how to get rid of this quaking of the earth; to which he answered, "Build something heavy enough on the eye of the dragon, so that he can not wink;" and my friend continued, "we built the pagoda, and he has never winked since."

At the north side of every cemetery there is a great mound of earth, unless it be located with reference to some mountain-peak, as are some west of Peking, or in some amphitheater of a mountain-chain like the tombs of the Ming dynasty near the great wall north of Peking, to protect the bodies of the departed from the bleak winds of the north. In the center of the capital itself is a great mound, or hill, made from the earth secured in the excavation of the

artificial lotus lakes of the Forbidden City. This mound, called Coal Hill, is placed immediately north of the palace buildings for the purpose of protecting the court. An elevation north of a man's house, however, is as liable to bring ill as to protect him, as was well illustrated in close contiguity to our mission in Peking.

There was a *huang tai tze* (a yellow girdle man), a distant relative of the royal family, lived in a small Chinese house just across the street to the south of our mission compound in Peking. He had five daughters and no sons —a calamity in a Chinese home, where a girl can do nothing toward the support of the family, and a boy is necessary to the perpetuation of the worship of the ancestors. This worried the old man, and he called in a soothsayer to inquire the cause of this misfortune.

The soothsayer went all about the premises, looking wise and muttering incoherent and unintelligible formulas, but could find nothing that would account for the condition. The house was properly located—if it had not been, some other soothsayer would have been at fault. But as he came out to the front gate and looked

across the street, he discovered that we had built a chimney a foot and half above the top of a small Chinese house; and he exclaimed, "It is that foreign devil's chimney that has spoiled the *feng shua* of your place, and you will never have anything but girls as long as that chimney stands."

The old man donned his silk garments and his hat—a Chinese never wears a hat except on important occasions—and came over to consult with the members of the mission. He talked for an hour about everything except that which concerned him most—a Chinese has no idea of the flight of time; *tempus* does not *fugit* with him—and finally came to our chimney, how it had spoiled the *feng shua* of his place, and would not the honorable pastor kindly tear it down to a level with the roof of the house and restore the luck of his home.

We wanted to live in peace and harmony with our neighbors, and so we tore the chimney down to the level of the roof of the house—and his next two babies were boys. That is science in the greatest non-Christian nation the world has ever developed. We must admit that it worked—at least something worked, in that

case; but how would you like to be governed by that style of thinking?

Again the verdict of the world at the beginning of the twentieth century is that *all scientific power* has been given unto Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V

BY-PRODUCTS IN CIVILIZATION

I was talking with a business man in New York recently about missions and the Church, and religious affairs in general; and in the course of the conversation he ejaculated:

"The trouble with you preachers, Headland, is that you don't preach a practical enough gospel."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," he continued, "you tell us about being saved some time, somewhere"—

"Pardon me," I interrupted; "but to be saved some time, somewhere, will be the most important thing in time or in eternity to you and me. It will, my friend; I happen to know that, for I have had one foot in the grave for the space of two months, and I think it gives one a different view of life to have been for eight or nine weeks in sight of eternity."

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean," he con-

tinued; "but we business men want something that takes hold right now."

"We have it," I answered.

"What?" he inquired.

"The gospel."

"What do you mean?"

"You have a filling in your tooth," I answered.

"Yes; what has that got to do with it?" he asked.

"Why, your tooth is saved by the gospel," I replied.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with some surprise.

"I mean to say," I replied, that you can not find a dentist anywhere in the non-Christian world that can fill and save a decaying tooth. Now, that is a practical enough gospel, is n't it?"

"Is that true?" he asked.

"It is," I replied; and then I continued, "Look here; do you pay your preacher, when he comes to see you, the same as you pay your dentist when you go to see him?" I had him there.

"No; of course I do not," he answered.

"You are not quite honest," I replied.

"Well," he answered, trying to excuse himself, "you see, when a fellow gets a toothache he will give almost anything to get rid of it."

And I answered, "O God, give us a soul-ache, a heartache for the world!" That is what we want. We are so concerned about our own little aches and pains, and our own comforts and luxuries, that we forget, if we ever knew, the great throbbing, pulsating heart of the other half, or the dull, blind ache of the dark, drear millions who have been left through all these centuries without any knowledge of that great big gospel that brings us liberty, fraternity, government, educational systems, knowledge, science, health; for, I continued:

"If you can not find a dentist to fill a decaying tooth, you could hardly hope to find a surgeon who could set a broken arm or limb, or prescribe intelligently for a diseased stomach or a system of aching nerves."

"Well, scarcely," he answered, laconically.

"You will be interested in the following story," I continued: "One of the court painters came to me one day in Peking. He was having trouble with his throat. I inquired about the

difficulty, and he told me he had been eating fish in the palace a few days before, and had gotten a fishbone stuck in his throat.

"'Could n't any one take it out for you?' I inquired.

"'No,' he answered, 'one of the court physicians gave me medicine to dissolve the bone; but it did not dissolve. I wonder if one of your physicians could remove it.'

"I took him over to Dr. Hopkins, one of God's noblemen, a man who can preach and teach as well as heal, who lived only two doors from me. The doctor had him sit down in front of the window, open his mouth; he looked into his throat, saw a little red spot, took a pair of tweezers and pulled the fishbone out."

As simple a surgical operation as that the court physician in the greatest non-Christian country the world has ever developed could not perform! What, then, about the setting of a broken arm or a broken limb!

Long ago the Chinese discovered the superiority of Western medicine over their own antiquated system, and when they began their great reform measures of 1898, one of the first things they did was to introduce a regular medical department into their great colleges and

universities. And when the North China Educational Union began to build their medical school in Peking, besides the officials of the capital subscribing liberally, the empress dowager herself gave nine thousand dollars toward the erection of the building; and when it was dedicated she sent her nephew, Prince Chün, the present regent, father of the emperor, to be present at the dedication. The regent was also present at the dedication of the Methodist Hospital and has shown a particular interest in all phases of educational and medical work in and about the capital.

And well he might, for another incident that occurred in Peking will reveal another phase of Chinese medicine.

One day one of the leading portrait painters of China came to call on me. He was not feeling well, and when I inquired the nature of the malady he simply answered, "*Tu tze pu hao;*" a polite translation of which would be that his stomach was out of order. He did not ask for treatment nor request an interview with the doctor. I returned his call less than a week thereafter. When I called at his studio and inquired about him, his pupils said,

"He is dead."

"How is that?" I inquired. "He called on me less than a week since."

"Yes," they answered; "but he has been ailing for some time, and one of the men in the shop or store across the way said that he had a prescription which would exactly suit his style of sickness."

"Was the man a physician?" I inquired.

"No," they replied; "just a clerk in the store."

"And what did he prescribe?"

"He told our teacher to swallow a large green grasshopper," they answered; "about that large," putting the end of the thumb against the middle of the index finger.

"And what happened?" I asked.

"He swallowed the grasshopper and died within a few hours."

Now, my wife, who is a physician, tells me "that grasshopper ought not to have killed him," and my only answer is a counter-question:

"Is n't it pretty difficult to say what a live grasshopper in a weak stomach might do for a sick man? All that I know about the matter is that he swallowed the grasshopper and died

within a few hours, and his wife sued the man in the shop for having killed her husband."

And so I said to my friend with the filling in his tooth:

"That is medicine and surgery in the greatest non-Christian country in the world. How would you like to live in a country with no better religion and no more science than that? Now, my theory is that it is the gospel that has contributed to the production of all our science."

"Yes, I have heard you say that before; but I do not believe it. I think it is the white man." And so do you, my dear reader.

"Will you be good enough to tell me why you think it is the white man?" I asked.

"Oh, that is easy. The white man is the most highly developed man. He 's the—the—the best part of the human race."

"I knew you believed that," I responded, "and I thought you would say it. You remind me of a conversation I had with a young man in a railroad train." And I related the following incident:

I was going from Topeka, Kan., to Kansas City last winter on the railroad train. A hand-

some young fellow about six feet tall, weighing, I should think, about one hundred and seventy-five or eighty pounds, entered the car and sat down beside me. He was well-groomed, neatly dressed, trim, clean, and intelligent-looking. Like everybody else, I have an unbounded admiration for handsome, big men. I should like to be big and handsome myself—not for my own sake, but just for the sake of my Master. A big, handsome man comes out on the rostrum, and the audience looks at him, and then, folding their arms, they sink back among their cushions or in their seats and sigh to themselves, "Well, he 's big enough to know something." Now, honestly, do n't you? But a little man comes out on the rostrum, and he has to prove that he knows it before his audience will believe it.

Now, if I had been in a Chinese railroad train, and such a person had sat down beside me, it would have been easy to have gotten acquainted. I should have turned to him, and with a polite bow *Wen ta kuei hsing,* asked his honorable name.

"My miserable name is Wang," he would have replied; "what is your honorable cognomen?"

"My miserable name is He. Where are you going? and where did you come from? What are you going to do?" etc., etc., and we would have been acquainted.

Now, in an American railroad train it is entirely different. A man comes and sits down beside you, and you half turn and squint at him out of the corner of your eye, and then straighten up in a sheepish sort of way, as though you had been trying to steal his pocketbook, instead of trying to steal a glance at him.

I discovered in a round-about sort of way that this young man was traveling for a shoe house—traveling for a shoe house! Every great business firm in the country has its men out traveling for it, telling what it is doing, representing its wares. What the Church wants is that every one of its members will go out and be a drummer for the gospel. Too many of us seem to feel that when we have paid five or ten dollars toward the preacher's salary and fifty cents toward missions we have liquidated our obligation toward Jesus Christ. Money can not settle your spiritual obligations. Only service can pay your debt to the Church.

If ever you start a conversation with a per-

son in a railroad train, do not tell him anything about yourself. He will get tired of you in two minutes. But a man will walk two miles with you to tell you all about himself. Why? Because you are interested in the other fellow. And the hungry heart of the world longs for the interest of his fellow-men.

I talked to him for fifteen minutes about shoes—nothing but shoes. I was interested in the make of shoes, the quality of shoes, the sale of shoes, the prices of shoes—shoes. After we had talked for a quarter of an hour about shoes he became tired of it. It was shop to him; he wanted to know who this fellow is who is talking shoes so vigorously.

"My name is Headland," I informed him. "I have been in China for twenty years, and am away behind the times in industrial pursuits. I am on the Laymen's Missionary Movement."

He drew in his breath. He looked at me as though I were a curio, and then he said, with perhaps more frankness than courtesy, remembering the interest I had taken in shoes:

"You know I do not believe in foreign missions."

"I did not know it," I replied. "But would you mind telling me why you do not believe in foreign missions?"

"Yes, I 'll tell you why," he answered. "If I had forty billions of dollars I could spend them all in the United States."

"But would you do it?" I asked.

"Well, that is another question," he answered.

"Suppose you did spend it all here, you still would not have all the people converted," I urged.

"No, but as long as there is so much to do here at home I do not believe in sending so many men and so much money abroad," he insisted.

"You believe in home missions, then?" I said, interrogatively.

"Yes, I believe in home missions," he replied, not very enthusiastically.

"What particular phase of home missions?"

"Oh, all kinds."

"Would you mind telling me what particular home mission enterprise you help to support?" I inquired as innocently as I could.

"Well," he replied, "I do not help any particular kind."

"Don't you suppose," I went on, "that there was just as much need of men and money in Jerusalem and Judea and Samaria when Jesus Christ was preaching to His disciples as there is in Topeka and Kansas and the United States to-day?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," he admitted.

"Well, why do you suppose, when He only had a dozen trained men, and they did not have any money, His last words to them, in Acts 1:8, were to go "to the uttermost part of the earth?"

He did not have any answer to that question, and I went on:

"Let me ask you another question. Suppose those dozen disciples had believed just as you do, where would you and I have been to-day?"

"Oh," he exclaimed, "the white man would have gone up anyhow!"

"I beg your pardon," I urged, quietly. "When Jesus Christ was preaching to His disciples in Western Asia your ancestors and mine were clothed in skins and living in mud-huts and caves in Europe, and if the disciples and their followers had said, 'There is no use of

going to the ends of the earth while there is so much to do at home, instead of you and I beautifully clothed''—and I looked him over critically, from his brightly-polished shoes to his neatly-tied cravat and well-groomed head—''and luxuriously reposing among the cushions of a Pullman palace car in America, we might have been squatting on our haunches gnawing a bone among the unkempt, unbathed, half-clad members of our tribe in some cave in Europe.''

''I do n't believe it,'' he interjected. ''The white man would have risen in spite of everything.''

''Do you not suppose,'' I inquired, ''that the white man has been upon the earth as long as the black man and the yellow man?''

''Yes, I suppose he has,'' he admitted.

''Then, how do you account for the fact that we made so little progress till after we got the gospel?''

''Is it true that we did make but little progress?'' he asked.

''Let me put the question in another form. Why did we not keep pace with the yellow man?''

''Did n't we?'' he asked.

"By no means," I answered. "We are told in English history that 'in the dense forests of the north and west (of Britain) roved groups of savage men, who shot a deer or snared a bustard when they wanted food, ate berries and leaves when game was not to be had, slept in caves or under trees, wherever the sun found them after the day's chase, and led, in short, a life which, in truth, took no thought for the morrow. A gigantic savage wrapped in deer-skin, his naked limbs stained deep blue with the juice of *woad,* his blue eyes darting lightning, and a storm of yellow hair tossing on his broad shoulders and mingling with the floating ends of his tangled moustache, has been the favorite portrait of the ancient Briton,'* as found in his native wilds.

"Different, indeed, is the history of China. A thousand years before that time he had made a mariner's compass. Five hundred years previous to this description of our British ancestors Chinese literature had become so voluminous that he was forced to collect the best of it into an ecyclopedia which we call the Chinese classics. Two hundred years before the time

* Collier's History of England, p. 11.

of this description of our British ancestors the Chinese had passed out of the age of feudalism, had built the Great Wall, and had united the whole country into one great government; their first great history had been written, and curio collectors had begun to gather relics of ancient times.

"Now, the question arises, how is it that the Chinese were so far ahead of our ancestors at the beginning of our present era, for they were undoubtedly a thousand years ahead of us when Jesus Christ was preaching in Galilee, and the only way I can account for it is that they had a better religion than we had. But whatever the reason may be, it remains a fact of history that we never made any progress worth while until we got the gospel."

He was cornered on the question of foreign missions. He knew it, and I knew it, but he was not willing to admit it; and so he jumped right out of that corner into another corner, dodged the question, and started in on a new line.

"You know, I do n't believe in preachers; they are a lazy lot."

I had heard that before, and I was prepared with an answer.

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that all the men that are traveling for your house are up to your average?"

"Oh, I would not dare say," he answered.

"Well, I would. They are not. There is not a house in the United States in which all the traveling men are up to your average. You are an exceptional man physically," I added, giving him a critical glance. "You are above the average intellectually, and from some of your remarks I judge you to be very good morally. But will you pardon me if I say I do not think you are much religiously? You are, therefore, only about two-thirds developed; your intellectual third and your moral third. Now, in all kinds of business we have all grades of men. But will you pardon me if I say, in spite of your ideas of preachers, that the civilization of the world is more the result of the preachers of the gospel than of any other one class of men?"

He did not have any answer to that. There is no answer to it except to admit it. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that Confucianism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism have retarded the development of the Asiatic peoples.

They have not. They have raised them to just as high a level as the system can raise them. No man nor any people ever rises above their religion.

My friend had no answer to my remarks about preachers, and so again he avoided the issue, and, knowing that I had been many years in China, he said:

"Look here, I do not believe you can convert a Chinaman."

"Did you ever try it?" I asked.

"No; I just judge by the looks of him," he answered.

"I have been sixteen years in China," I remarked. "That is not a very long time, but long enough to have learned something. I would like to tell you a story." And I told him the following:

CHAPTER VI

A GENUINE PRODUCT

MANY years ago there was a little boy working in a soap and candle store just across the city wall from our mission in Peking.

One day he saw a missionary coming across the street with books in his hands, and he said to his associates:

"*Kuei tze lai liao*—the foreign devil is coming."

The missionary, who proved to be Dr. L. W. Pilcher, entered the store, put the books down on the counter, and asked:

"Have you seen these books?"

They had not seen the books, but the boy bought one.

Whenever you find a small laboring boy buying a book and studying it you will soon find him going up and up, and it is impossible to predict where he will land.

This boy, whose name was Ch'en, left the

soap and candle store and entered the London Mission School.

He studied diligently.

He was converted.

Now, one can be converted in sections. Some men get their head converted, and one man with his head converted without his heart can be more trouble in a Church than all the rest of the men together.

Then it is possible to have the heart converted without the head, and this kind is almost as much trouble as the other. He is all froth and foam without foundation. We had that kind of a man in the great laymen's meeting in Indianapolis. While we were speaking he would listen attentively until we were just about to reach a climax. He thought he saw what was coming before we finished our sentence, and he would lean back and, with a seraphic look on his face, would clap his hands and say, *Amen.* The first time he said it nobody paid much attention except to look surprised at the way he did it. But after he had repeated it a half-dozen times everybody would look in his direction and laugh—and we lost our point. He had a good heart, but a bad balance wheel.

Then these laymen tell me—and whenever a lot of business men agree in telling me anything I am ready to accept it—they tell me that there is another part of a man that is harder to convert than his head or his heart (putting his hand in his pocket)—yes, his pocketbook. But it is possible to be converted—head, heart, pocketbook, and all—and you are ready to say, not sing merely—you can sing anything; most of us sing only for the music anyhow—but you can say with all your nature:

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or vale, or sea,
And I'll stay—

I wish it were written that way—

"I'll stay where you want me to stay, dear Lord,
You can always depend on me,

Oh, what a power the Church would be if the Lord could depend upon every man, woman, and child for whatever there was for him to do! There is just as much need of men and women *staying* here at home as there is of others *going* to the foreign field.

That is the way Ch'en was converted.

He went home and told his mother that he

wanted to join the Church and be baptized at the London Mission. His mother was outraged. "My son join the Christian Church!" But she did not forbid it. She was too wise for that. Mrs. Ch'en knew that to forbid a boy to do a thing he has set his mind on without giving him anything else to do, will make him want to do it the more. She therefore began to think of a way to wean him away from his religion.

After considering various methods she decided to have him engaged and married. If there was anything that would take a boy's mind off his religion it would be the being engaged and married.

She selected a young lady named Li, a member of a non-Christian family; and she told the boy he was to be married.

Of course, he said he would. There was not anything else to do. In China the mother selects the wife for her son; the father selects the husband for his daughter. The mother knows the girls; the father knows the boys. They naturally select the best they can find, engage them to each other without the knowledge of the young people, and in due time they are married; and if they fall in love they have to do it afterward.

Ch'en waited until all the arrangements had been completed and his mother, according to Chinese custom, was about to call a sedan chair and send for the young lady. She would be brought and put into his apartments, with certain other Chinese ceremonies, and they would be married.

But Ch'en said: "No; I propose to be married over at the mission with the Christian ceremony.' And he smiled and shut his teeth together.

And, you know, you can do anything if you just smile and shut your teeth together. You can't do it if you only smile; and you can't do it if you just shut your teeth; but smile and grit your teeth, and you can do anything, for the world is waiting for you to will, to decide what you are going to do, and then the world will pitch in and help you do it.

Have you ever stood beside the railroad and watched a great freight train passing? There are eight large wheels on the engine driven by the piston, and they each seem to say with every turn, "I will; I will; I will." Following them are two or three hundred other small wheels, all turning the same way, "I will; I

will; I will; I will;" and all because these eight are turning. The world is waiting for you to decide what you are going to do, and

Ch'en was married over at the mission with the Christian ceremony.

But you can not keep a wife and study on nothing a year—in Peking; so Ch'en had to find something else to do.

The mission wrote him a letter, "To whom it may concern," saying that this boy Ch'en was very diligent and reliable, and would make a good servant to any one needing a "boy."

We needed a servant. In China every one builds a wall around his house; no one has a fence on his farm. We place our houses close together; then we build one wall around the lot. That is a compound. Then we have a gate in the wall and a gatekeeper in the gatehouse. We therefore engaged Ch'en as our gatekeeper.

He wanted to be a gatekeeper in the house of the Lord—he wanted to be a preacher; and he said to himself, "If you want to be anything, begin where you are, and be it with all your might." What a motto for a boy! Principals of high schools and mothers have telephoned me after they had heard these words of Ch'en,

asking: "What was that you said about 'If you want to be anything?' I want it for my boy."

Ch'en changed the gatehouse into a gospel hall, for he began preaching therein. Every one who went in or out of that gate was told of the gospel in which he believed. Whenever he had opportunity he went out to the street chapel and preached there. He took trips with the missionaries out into the country places, where he preached daily, hourly, all the time; and our mission history records that the first two people that joined our Church in Peking were brought in not by the preacher, not by the missionaries, but "by Ch'en, our gate-keeper—one a scholar, the other a coolie;" the highest and the lowest class.

But Ch'en's wife could not read a word, and he said to himself, "If I am going to be a preacher, my wife ought to be able to read." So he said to her one day, with a kindly smile on his face, "I wish you would study the catechism."

Mrs. Ch'en was a married woman, and she did not propose to begin studying now; but she did not say she would not—a woman does not

say she won't to her husband—in China. But she did not study.

Ch'en waited awhile, and then he said to her a second time, "I wish you would study the catechism." Still Mrs. Ch'en did not.

Again Ch'en waited, and then he ordered her to study the catechism. Mrs. Ch'en thought matters began to look a bit serious, but she paid no attention to the order.

Ch'en waited longer than usual this time, and then he commanded her to study the catechism. Still Mrs. Ch'en did not obey.

Now, when Mr. Ch'en had tried every kind of moral suasion he could think of, and they had all failed, he took her off to a deserted part of the compound and whipped her until she promised to study the catechism—because he wanted to be a preacher.

I wonder what you would do if your young theological students treated their young wives in that way. And we knew that Ch'en had done it, and we did not bring him up before the Church. Why? Well, first, because we knew he had not hurt her. He did not whip her to hurt her; it was just to make her study the catechism. Then, second, we knew that in China

a man has a right to whip his wife—if he can. And a woman has a right to whip her husband, if she can. And she does it; and that is the reason why there has been a woman sitting on the throne of China for the past forty-seven years.

Mrs. Ch'en studied the catechism. She learned every word of it. She remembered it till the last day of her life, and she taught it to every one of her children.

But when her first baby was born it was a girl. I wish you could have seen that little girl; she was one of the prettiest children I have ever known, and the first remark made by every one who saw her was, "What a beautiful child Mary Ch'en is!"

But she was a girl, and that is bad luck in China. But in addition to being a girl, she was born on the first day of the first month. And Grandmother Ch'en said: "That is because you are a Christian. Your first baby is a girl born on New Year's Day; you will never have anything but bad luck all your life."

Ch'en smiled and went on preaching; and his next baby was a boy.

Old Mrs. Ch'en shook her head and sighed,

saying, "It will take more than one boy to avert the calamity of the first baby being a girl born on New Year's Day."

Ch'en still smiled and continued to preach; and his next baby was a boy.

Grandmother Ch'en still shook her head, but not so vigorously as she had before; and Ch'en still smiled and preached; and his next baby was a boy, and his next, and his next, and his next—five boys in succession; and Grandmother Ch'en had nothing further to say about calamity coming to a Christian's home because his first baby was a girl born on New Year's Day.

As soon as Mary was old enough to study the catechism, Mrs. Ch'en put her to work upon it. As the child sat on her little stool at her mother's feet she would sometimes say, "Mamma, what is this word?"

Without looking up from her fancy work or sewing, Mrs. Ch'en would answer, "Read a few words before it," and without looking at the book she could tell her the name of the character; and so she did with all her children.

Ch'en called the little girl *Mary*—for the mother of His Lord. His first son he called

John, for the most beloved disciple; then Jacob, and he started right down the list of the patriarchs.

There is a lot of character in parents indicated by the names they give their children. Some parents give their boys big, strong names, and their girls beautiful, æsthetic names. I remember in my grandfather's family we had Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Elijah. And in my father's family we have Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Elijah, Eli, John, and some more; and they put Isaac on me. As boys we did not like it. We thought our parents might have been more original in the names they gave us. But as I look back over my father's and grandfather's families and find them both keeping to the Old Book, even in the names they gave their children, I feel rather satisfied. I think it is a recommendation rather than otherwise to a boy to have two or three generations of ancestors with Bible names. There is not much in a name, anyhow. Isaac with Newton is a tremendous combination. And who would not be Benjamin if he could be Franklin, or Abraham if he could be Lincoln? It is the character of the man that counts, and not the name.

That first boy John! He does not amount to much. Jacob died as a child. But that third boy is almost a saint. Tell me, why is it that two boys, born of the same parents, nourished at the same breast, fed at the same table, studying the same books, in the same seat, at the same school, one will be almost a saint and the other almost a devil?

One man answered from the audience, when I asked this question,

"It is heredity, Headland; heredity accounts for it all."

"What," I asked, "heredity from the same parents?"

He hesitated, with his mouth half open, but did not say anything; and I added:

"Heredity, individuality, and the gospel may account for it, I fancy, but not heredity alone."

The third son entered the Peking University. He studied. He completed the course. When he graduated he was offered forty dollars per month if he would go into business in Shanghai. This he refused, and became a preacher in a small Church up outside the Great Wall for two dollars and fifty cents per month.

The next son graduated. He has been offered one hundred dollars a month if he would enter secular employment; but he refused all other offers and became a teacher in the Peking University at five dollars per month. The last of the five boys graduated. He has just about completed the course at Columbia University as a doctor of science, in order to return to China and take some position in the employ of the government.

Would it not have been a fatal mistake to have turned Ch'en out of Church because he whipped his wife to make her study the catechism? It pays sometimes to be lenient with the boy who is in earnest. We learned that from the Master.

Peter denied his Lord; but the next time he met the Master, Jesus did not say to him, "Peter, you are a fine disciple—afraid to answer a girl truthfully." You remember the next time Peter met Jesus. It was up on the Sea of Galilee. Peter had gone up home after the crucifixion. One evening he said, "I 'm going fishing;" and the rest of the fellows all said, "We 'll go with you;" and they all went fishing. They fished all night, and they did not

catch any fish. The next morning they were cold and tired and sleepy and hungry, and a voice came from the shore,

"Children, have ye any meat?"

"No."

Well, you are confining your fishing too much to one side of the boat. This was implied in what He said. And the world for the past nineteen hundred years has been fishing too much only on one side of the boat.

"Cast the net on the right side of the boat," was the order of the Master, and it was so filled with fish that they were afraid to draw it in lest it break. And we have been letting our net down on the other side of the world during the past fifty years, and we have been bringing in nations in a day.

When John heard the voice he said, "It is the Lord." Yes, Peter had denied the Master; but as soon as he knew it was He, he jumped into the sea and swam ashore. And Jesus did not say to him: "Peter, you are back at your old job again, are you? Have taken all the rest with you?" No; He did not say that. He did not say anything. Peter just saw a fire of coals and fish thereon; and Jesus had prepared

Peter's breakfast with His own pierced hands. And He fed him, and then He preached to him. You remember His little sermon? It is very short; but, oh, what a wealth of meaning there is in it for you and me as well as for Peter!

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

"Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

And Jesus did know that Peter loved Him in spite of the fact that in a moment of weakness he had denied Him. Then:

"Feed My hungry sheep." "Feed My starving lambs."

And Peter fed the sheep and the lambs with his life.

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountains, or vale, or sea,"
I'll stay where you want me to stay, dear Lord,
You can always depend on me.

And the Master is saying the same thing to you and me to-day:

"Feed My hungry sheep, feed My starving lambs."

The papers tell us that two million and five hundred thousand Chinese will starve unless America sends them food. Where does America get the food to send to so many famine-

stricken people? How is it that we hear of famines in China, and famines in India, and famines in Africa, and famine and plague and pestilence and poverty in all non-Christian lands?

But when did you hear of a famine in Germany, or a famine in England, or a famine in America, or a famine in any other country that has a free Bible? I can not but look upon these and all other similar conditions as by-products of the gospel. If you can not see them in that way—well, all I can say is that it is up to you to account for them in some other more reasonable way.

Ch'en, yes, he had whipped his wife to make her study the catechism; but he was our first preacher in the North China Conference, and we could send him anywhere and be certain that there would be no trouble while he was pastor of the Church. He was at the Conference in Peking at the beginning of the Boxer rebellion of 1900, and was appointed to the same Church where his son had gone some years before. He took his wife and his youngest son and daughter, and reached his Church just two months before the Boxers came.

When he arrived the members said to him:

"Brother Ch'en, you must flee, and hide in the mountains, because if the Boxers catch you they will put you to death."

His only answer was:

"I am the shepherd of this flock. When all my flock are hidden away and safe, then I 'll go and hide; not till then."

In the light of all that happened I do not know of anything that seems more Christlike than that. "I am the shepherd of this flock. When all my flock are safe, then I will run away." He delayed too long. As he was going out of the village the Boxers caught him. The Boxer chief took away his bedding, his clothing, his money—everything he had; then turned him over to the rabble and said:

"Now you may do what you please with him."

Without the semblance of a trial they cut off his head, and left his body and bones to bleach there upon the plains of Mongolia during the summer of 1900.

They beheaded his youngest son, as noble a boy as we have ever had in the Peking Univer-

sity; and the youngest daughter flew to her mother's arms, crying,

Oh, mamma, what shall we do?"

"We will all go to heaven together," answered her mother in simple faith and trust.

And they butchered the mother and daughter locked in each other's arms.

And Ch'en fed the sheep and the lambs with his life.

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or vale, or sea,"
I'll stay where you want me to stay, dear Lord,
You can always depend on me.

And I turned to my friend in the railroad train and said:

"Do you think Ch'en was converted?"

There were tears in his eyes as he answered, "I guess he was."

"Well, it took us ninety years to get one hundred thousand Christians in China. During eight weeks of that Boxer trouble of 1900, ten thousand of our hundred thousand laid down their lives rather than deny their Lord. And the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. In ten years since that time we have added one hundred and fifty thousand other

Christians to the hundred thousand we had before. But the number of persons gathered into the Church is only one of the results of foreign missions. The civilization of the world, traced back to a last analysis, is the result of the mission of the Church.

"Yet there are tourists who go around the world without ever visiting a mission, and then return and pose as an authority on missions and missionaries. God pity the man or woman whose views of the Church are limited to the number of members that may be gathered within its walls. We call the United States a Christian country. Whether it is or not I do not propose to say. There are about ninety million people in this country, not more than thirty-three million of whom are members of the Church, and a majority of these are women and children. But may I call attention to the fact that these thirty-three million of men, women, and children dominate and control the sentiment of the United States Government and make it impossible for a man not controlled by Christian principles to exert a dominating influence in the government?

"Now," I said to my friend, "you would

not blame Ch'en's sons if they hated those people who murdered their father, mother, sister, and brother, would you?"

"No," he answered; "I would not."

"Nor would you blame them if they demanded a heavy indemnity for what their parents lost."

Again he said he would not.

"When the Boxer trouble was over," I went on, "the Chinese Government offered to pay for everything the Christians lost at the hands of the Boxers. When the missionaries were settling up the indemnity question they went to this boy who had preached in the Church where his parents were massacred, and said to him:

" 'Wei-ping, what do you want for what your parents lost? They lost everything they had.'

"His head fell; his chest heaved; tears filled his eyes; and then he answered,

" 'I do not want anything.' And they never took a cash.

"The next year, when the bishop was about to give him his appointment, before doing so he asked him where he would like to go to preach.

"Again his head fell; he swallowed with difficulty, and when he could control his voice he answered,

" 'I would like to go and preach to those people who murdered my father and mother and sister and brother;' and this was all he asked."

CHAPTER VII

BY-PRODUCTS IN CIVIC LIFE

In 1890 I boarded a Pullman palace car in Chicago bound for San Francisco. I could go to bed as comfortably in that conveyance as I could in my own home. I could get up in the morning, go into the diner, and have as good a breakfast as I could at home; and in three days I was carried across vast plains and great rivers, majestic mountains and deep ravines, and put down in San Francisco, three thousand miles away. It was a moving home—a moving hotel.

There I boarded a floating palace to cross that—shall I say, trackless ocean? No; it was trackless until the gospel of Jesus Christ found it—as all oceans were. But from that time until the present it has been tracked all over by those floating palaces. Again I could go to bed as comfortably in this conveyance as I could at home, and if I did not get up in the morning and take as good a breakfast as I could

at home it was not because the breakfast was not prepared. And I did not. I have a habit of not going to breakfast the first morning after I get out to sea. Perhaps you have. But in thirteen days I had crossed that ocean and had reached Japan.

There I boarded a still smaller floating palace, which took me comfortably over to Shanghai. There I boarded a very much smaller one, which took me up the coast of China to Tongku, the port of Peking, which was to be my destination.

At Tongku I went on shore and found a railroad train. It was a little train, and it was not very clean. The seats were made of floorboards. The backs of the seats were perpendicular floorboards. The floor was dirty; the windows were soiled; everything about it was dirty. It made me think of the little palm trees we have in pots in our homes. They grow three, four, or five feet high. Why do they not grow as high as the house? They do in the tropics. Why? They are out of their element. Take a gospel-developed thought—and a railroad train is a gospel-developed thought—and put it out of its element, and it dwarfs. But

this conveyance took me comfortably and fairly rapidly up to Tientsin, some forty miles away.

There, after a few days' rest I went down to the riverside and I chartered a boat all my own to go to Tungchou. It was a houseboat. It was almost high enough for me to stand up in. I could go to bed in that boat; but, though solitary, I was not alone. It is impossible to go to bed alone in a Chinese houseboat. And it took me from Monday morning till Friday evening to reach Tungchou, eighty miles away.

Here again I went down to the canal, and I chartered still another boat to make the last stage of my journey to Peking. It was a san-pan. *San* means three, and *pan* means boards; three boards make a boat. Men had ropes attached to the front of the boat, and with one end of the rope over their shoulder they walked along the bank of the canal—it was not a tow-path; there was no tow-path—and pulled us up to the walls of Peking. We could not all sit on the top of the boat; so the rest of us hired donkeys and rode up to the walls of Peking.

Now, I have given this trip for the sake of the contrast: a Pullman palace car, with all the comforts of home, two thousand miles in

three days in a gospel-developed country, ending up on "three boards" and a donkey in a country where the gospel has not gone; and almost every contrast between a country with the gospel and one without is the contrast of this Pullman palace car and the three boards and donkey. There are a lot of people who do not believe in foreign missions. I should like to take those people and put them down on the other side of the world, and let them ride on three boards and a donkey until they believe in a Pullman palace car and the gospel.

I want my readers to go with me into Peking as I found it twenty years ago. The streets were built up a foot and half or more above the sidewalk. Why? In order that the water might run off the street onto the sidewalk in the rainy season, leaving a dry passage for mules and donkeys and carts. Men do not count in a country without a Bible. I say that advisedly. One of our Chinese students took a trip around the world. When he returned to Peking he said to the students in the course of his address:

"Wherever I went in non-Christian lands I found men doing the work of animals. In

Korea they were carrying tremendous burdens. In Japan they were pulling jinrikishas. In China and India and Africa they were doing the work which in England, America, Germany, and France is done by the animals. Why, my friends, is this?'' he concluded.

And so I say, men do not count in a land without a Bible. Humanity is cheap. You can buy a man for less than you can buy a horse. A woman costs less than a cow. I have known little girls to be sold on the streets of Peking for two dollars and a half. Only the gospel ennobles humanity and banishes slavery.

And so I say, they built their streets up a foot and a half above the sidewalk in order that the water might run off the street and leave a dry passage for the animals. There were depressions between the street and the sidewalk, in which the water settled, forming pools, some of which were so large and so deep that it was not only possible, but an actual fact, that people were drowned on the streets of Peking.

The Chinese do everything the opposite of what we do. They put their vest on outside their coat; we put ours inside. They put on white for mourning; we, black. They shake

their own hands in greeting; we shake each other's hands. They keep their back yard neat and clean; we our front yard. They bring all their kitchen refuse, vegetables, and other dirt and dump them into those pools in the street. They have been doing that for fifteen hundred years, and the top dozen feet of the city of Peking is saturated with all kinds of human and animal filth that your imagination can picture.

They dig their wells down through this surface soil, and wall them up with blocks of stone without any cement of any kind to make them impervious. And the rain descends and settles down through this surface soil into the well. They dip it out, boil it, and make their tea of it, and drink it—and the fittest of them survive.

That, however, was twenty years ago. The gospel has gone to Peking since that time, and wherever the gospel goes purity goes; and during the last three years pure water from the hills fifteen miles west of Peking has been piped into the city; and now they have a hydrant on every street corner, and each one of these hydrants as it sends forth its stream of pure, re-

freshing water gurgles as it flows a by-product of the gospel.

The refuse vegetables which were thrown into the pools would sink down and decay. In the hot summer-time a thick green scum would form on the surface of these pools, broken only by the bubbles that came up from these decaying vegetables. Then, during the burning hot days of July and August, when the street was covered with two or three inches of dust, the street sprinklers would come along with long-handled reed dippers, ladle up this water, and sprinkle the streets with it.

Then you would come along in your Chinese cart, and the hot rays of the sun would come down, and the odors would come up; and one of the questions which tourists used to ask each other when they were in Peking was, "What kind of smells did you smell to-day?" to which they usually answered, "Smells that I never knew the names of." My friend Carl Fowler, the son of Bishop Fowler, told me recently, when I was in New York, that when he was in Peking, in 1888, he catalogued twenty different odors he had never met anywhere else in the world.

I have given you only a faint glimpse of the dirt of old Peking as I found it twenty years ago. The real dirt you would not allow me to describe, nor would the publishers be allowed to print it, even if I were to write it. Only I may be allowed to add that in the springtime, when every one was suffering from what we call "spring fever," the city authorities had the sewers cleaned. The dirt, at least a large proportion of it, had washed in off the street, and it was taken out, piled up on the sidewalk, where it was allowed to dry for a week or ten days, and was then used for building up the street again.

This, again, was twenty years ago; but where the gospel goes, cleanliness goes with it; and so now every great street in Peking is macadamized and as clean as the macadamized streets of an American city to-day. Now, I challenge my readers to name a clean city in any non-Christian country in the world where the influence of the gospel and the missionary have not gone. I do not mean to say, nor to imply, that the missionaries have brought about this condition. But I do say that such a condition can not be found anywhere in the world

where the gospel has not gone. And so I hold that, traced back to a last analysis, every clean city, with its paved streets, its macadamized streets, its asphalt streets, its cement sidewalks, is a by-product of the gospel of Jesus Christ, for all the forces that have contributed to bring about these conditions are directly or indirectly the result of the Church, or the schools that have resulted from the influence of the Church.

When I arrived in Peking twenty years ago, the streets were lit with street lamps. A street lamp at that time consisted of four posts with a paper house on top, in which was a small lamp about the size of a coal-digger's lamp, and they lit these street lights on moonlight nights. They never lit them on dark nights, for the simple reason that at such times every one had to carry his own lantern; and these little lamps did not give light enough to be of any account. So what was the use of wasting the city oil? But they lit them on moonlight nights, that the cart-drivers might drive along between these lights without falling off into the cesspools, and perhaps drowning themselves as well as their mules.

That, again, was twenty years ago. But

wherever the gospel goes, there light goes; and Peking has not proved an exception. Jesus Christ said, "I am the light of the world." What did He mean by that? Before I went to China I would have interpreted that as meaning the light that comes into the human heart with regeneration. Perhaps that is what Jesus Christ meant; I shall not attempt an exegesis of the passage. As we have seen, it means the light that comes into the darkened mind with intelligence. Nay, in the light of the twentieth century it means even more than that. It means an oil-lamp; for the non-Christian world up to the present time has never made a decent oil-lamp. If they never made an oil-lamp, they could never make a gas-light or an electric light or an acetylene light or a gasoline light or an oxyhydric light, or any light other than a tallow candle or a dish of oil with a wick floating therein.

Jesus also said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." And every kind of artificial light, that is worthy the name of light, that the world has to-day has been made by the man with the Bible, by the man who has been developed by Christian institutions. And so

now on each side of those great macadamized streets in Peking there are two rows of incandescent electric lights, with great arc lights at every cross street, and the streets of Peking are lit as well as the streets of an American city at night. Is not Jesus Christ the light of the world in a bigger way than the world has ever yet realized? I can not go down any of our principal streets in our great cities at nights, with their electric lights and electric signs flashing out on every hand, without ejaculating: "I 'm the light of the world; *the light of the world,* THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD is JESUS CHRIST." I have heard men say that God could not say, "Let there be light," and there was light. I can say it; you can say it; any one can say it, if only he is connected with a moving dynamo. And God Almighty is the dynamo Himself. I can not push an electric button or turn on an electric light—I never do—without repeating to myself, "Let there be light, and there was light." Oh, what a mighty God He is, and what a mighty gospel He has placed in our lands!

CHAPTER VIII

LACK OF CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE

I WISH you could take a ride with me in a Chinese cart. I do not think you would want to take more than one; but one is interesting. We always take our friends for a ride in a native cart when they visit us in Peking. They never forget it.

A Chinese cart is a great big Saratoga trunk on two wheels. It has no springs. Why? do you ask? Because the non-Christian world has never yet made a spring vehicle. Now, you eliminate all springs from your life, and see how much of your comfort is gone. Take them off your bed, your chairs, all your furniture, your buggy, your wagon, trolley car, railroad train, automobile; take all the springs out of your life and see what a rough, jolty thing life would be. And so I add, spring vehicles are by-products of the gospel. A Chinese cart has no springs. It has no seat. You sit down tailor-fashion on the bottom of the cart. Now,

on those old dirt streets or roads—the Chinese do not make roads; the cart makes the road—there would be a rut on this side, with none on that. The wheel drops into the rut, and you bump your head on this side of the cart. Next there is a rut on that side; the wheel drops in, and you bump your head on that side of the cart. Or there may be a drain across the road; both wheels drop in at once, and the jolt makes you wish your brain was placed on a rubber cushion; or, finally, the mule starts suddenly—a mule always does what you are not expecting him to do; that is the reason why he is a mule, I suppose—and you bump your head on the back of the cart; and when you get home, the only thing you can remember of your cart ride is the bumps.

If you were to go with me for such a ride, I would take you as I did Mr. William Jennings Bryan, for a visit to Liu Li Chang, the book and curio street of Peking. The Chinese are a great literature-loving people, and have been for more than twenty-five centuries, and the focal point of all their literature and learning, insofar as it is contained in books, is this one street; for practically every book published in

the empire can be found here. Let me try to give some idea of the extent and character of their literature.

I once went with Dr. Morrison, that wizard of the London *Times,* to visit Liu Li Chang. He wanted to secure some medical books and charts. He obtained some books such as he thought he wanted, and finally we found an anatomical chart, if such it could be called; for it was only an outline of the human body, covered all over with black spots, making it look very much as if it had had the small-pox. So many of the Chinese were pock-marked that I could not refrain from suggesting to the dealer in a joking kind of way that the chart seemed to have *ch'u hua'rh* (blossomed out), the Chinese term when referring to that disease.

"No," he explained; "those spots mark the places where it is safe for the doctor to insert the needle in treatment by acupuncture without killing the patient."

"May I ask," I went on, "about how many patients the doctors would have to kill in making a chart like this before they discovered all these ten thousand safe spots?"

He shrugged his shoulders, as though that

were not a part of his business, and simply answered,

"*Pu chih tao*"—I do not know.

He showed us a medical encyclopedia which a prince spent thirty years in preparing, copied nine times with his own hands, and it contained twenty-one thousand prescriptions. Prescriptions enough in all conscience to cure all the ills of life. But when a Chinese has a headache he pastes turnip skins on his temples or on the sides of his forehead to bring the ache out. When he has a sore throat he pinches it up and down the two sides and the center until it is black and blue, in order that by counter-irritation on the outside he may cure the pain within. He still has a sore throat, but it is on the outside. In the same way he often pinches his forehead and his temples when turnip or radish skins are not to be had.

Treatment by acupuncture is not an out-of-date method by the Chinese. Not many years ago our "boy," a servant who had been with us for nine years, suddenly fell ill with cholera. The American doctor was summoned at once and gave him a dose of cholera mixture. It did not take effect at once, and a few hours after-

ward, as my wife was entering the compound, she saw the "boy" in the gatehouse, where a native doctor was treating him to a "dose of hatpin under the tongue."

Some of the prescriptions in this great medical encyclopedia consist of powdered snakes' bones and tigers' teeth for violent diseases—on the principle that virulent diseases require strong remedies—a principle that was practical by our own physicians not many centuries ago. Among their nursery rhymes I found one called a "Doctor's Prescription," which, of course, is only a child's caricature of the doctor. He tells us that

My wife's little daughter once fell very ill,
And we called for a doctor to give her a pill,
He wrote a prescription which now we will give her,
In which he has ordered a mosquito's liver,
And then, in addition, the heart of a flea,
And half pound of fly-wings to make her some tea.

So far as I know the Chinese have never had any medical schools similar to those in the West, nor any native medical schools like those in which they taught the Four Books and Five Classics. Any one who had an aptitude for the study of medicine, and a disposition to prescribe for those who were ill, could do so, and

not infrequently with results not unlike that of the grasshopper referred to in a former chapter. I was myself acquainted with one of the court painters, who was drawing a stipend as court physician as well as artist. Indeed, it was he who gave my friend medicine to dissolve his fishbone.

Among the books in these stores we will find a history that would fill a two-horse wagon. This is not a universal history, nor a history of the world, nor a general history of any kind, but simply a history of China. Here, again, we may find an encyclopedia that contains as many volumes as there are minutes in two weeks. Among their poets we will find one who wrote as many separate pieces as there are days in a hundred years.

When the commission appointed by the late empress dowager to make a tour of the world and examine the constitutions of the various governments they visited, for the purpose of advising her majesty what kind would be the best to adopt as the proposed constitution for China, returned to Peking, it published its report in one hundred and twenty-seven volumes. Such are some of the large ways in which the Chinese have evinced their love of literature.

In a former chapter we referred to the fact that no non-Christian people have ever organized their thought on any one subject into a science. We might go further and say that no *Asiatic people* have ever done so. Over against this statement we ought to place another; viz., that none of the world's great religions originated outside of Asia. The Asiatic seems to think in terms of the universal, the European in terms of the particular. The mind of the Asiatic is telescopic; that of the European, microscopic. The Asiatic deals with worlds and gods and universes; the European with atoms, electrones, and microbes. And so the Asiatic has given the world all its great religions, while the European has given it all its sciences.

Of the world's great religions the Chinese have originated two, adopted two others, and are being rapidly transformed by still another. It is a great mistake, therefore, to suppose that the Asiatic, and especially the Hindoos and the Chinese, are not religious. What Paul said of the Athenians is emphatically true of the Hindoos and the Chinese; they are very religious. There are probably ten times as many temples and shrines in Peking as there are churches in

Chicago. Almost every square has its temple, and every home, shop, store, and even well, its shrine.

Among the books in the shops on Liu Li Chang is one called the *Tao Te Ching,* written by Lao-Tze, the founder of Taoism, during the sixth century before the Christian era. In it we find the highest level to which the Chinese have risen in their statements of moral or religious truth, when he urges his followers to "recompense injury with kindness." Even Confucius himself could not reach this level. When asked by his disciples what he thought of Lao Tze's principle, he replied, "Recompense kindness with kindness and injury with justice." Like many teachers of our own time, he was willing to fall below a contemporary in principle in order to be original in his statement.

In the Confucian books we find the negative form of the Golden Rule, often wrongly attributed to Confucius as its author. On one occasion the master in conversation with one of his disciples asked,

"Tze, what is your principle in life?"

To which the disciple answered, probably quoting a proverb of his times,

"My principle in life is not to do to others what I would not have them do to me." A good principle for a man to hold, and one which he may practice all his life without doing anything. It is only negative goodness. It is when one begins to *do* to others as he would have them do to him that he begins to be positively good. And this alone might account for the difference in the results of the teachings of Confucius and Christ, if there were nothing else—though there is something else, as we shall show elsewhere.

When Mencius, some three hundred years before Christ, was asked by his prince what principle he had that would enable him to govern his people well, Mencius replied: "I have but one principle, Righteousness. You be righteous, and your people will be righteous." This, again, was a high type of moral or religious teaching for this follower of Confucius.

But contemporaneous with Mencius there was another teacher, independent of both Taoism and Confucianism, named Mo Tzu, or Micius. We have preserved among his writings a whole chapter on "Universal Mutual Love." He tells us that if every prince loved every other prince as he loves himself, no prince

would make war upon any other for the purpose of enriching himself. If a father loved his son, and the son his father; if a mother loved her daughter, and a daughter her mother; if neighbor loved neighbor as he loves himself; if, in a word—for he goes on in this strain throughout the entire chapter—if everybody loved everybody else as he loves himself, nobody would injure anybody else for the purpose of benefiting himself, and so all the ills of life would be cured if only everybody exercised universal mutual love."

Now, when Mencius's disciples asked him what he thought of Motze's principle of loving everybody else as one loves himself, he answered, "It would bring us into the state of the beasts." They have no more love for their progenitors than they have for any other animals, and hence we would be no better than they are if we did not love our parents better than we loved anybody else.

Again, and this is the last of these high moral principles of Chinese literature to which I wish to call your attention, there was, contemporaneous with the Apostle Paul, a Chinese woman who wrote the first book that was ever written in any language for the instruction of

girls. It now constitutes the first of the "Four Books for Girls," and in it she says, "First others, then yourself;" equivalent to our own, "Always prefer others rather than yourself." All of these books, with their good moral principles, can be secured in these bookshops of Liu Li Chang, and will give us some idea of the quality of this class of Chinese literature. Touch the Chinese on science, and they are weak; touch them on morality, and they are decidedly strong; stronger, I think, than any other non-Christian people the world has ever developed. So far as I know, not even the Hindoos have given statement to so many of the highest moral principles as embodied in the Christian system as have the Chinese.

The question naturally arises, if all that I have said is true, and our progress is the cause of our religion, and the Chinese have all the great moral principles that we have, why did they not make equal progress? To answer this question it will be necessary to consider the Chinese systems of religion, remembering that morality and religion, as we shall show in another chapter, spring from different states of the mind.

CHAPTER IX

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA

The first and most revered of the religions of China is Confucianism. It is the outgrowth of the teachings of Confucius. It is a worship, but not a religion; a worship of genius, but not a worship of God. Neither priest nor idol is found in a Confucian temple. Every man is his own priest, and his only object of worship is an ancestor, an emperor, a statesman, a scholar, or a soldier. Every home of any importance has its ancestral tablets. These are small pieces of board fashioned after the style of a tombstone, on which the name of the ancestor is written or carved. To these homage is offered, and this homage may be translated either worship or respect. The first objection an official will offer to joining the Christian Church is that it does not approve of the worship of ancestors.

My assistant pastor, Mr. Liu Mark, gave up his salary as a preacher, asking to be al-

lowed to preach for nothing and teach English in an official's family for his living. He taught the sons of the official, and not infrequently both father and sons conversed with him about his religion. On one occasion the father said to him,

"My only objection to your religion is that you do not worship your ancestors."

"And why do you object on that account?" asked Mark.

"Because I think everybody should worship his ancestors," replied the official.

"You worship your ancestors, I suppose?" said Mark, interrogatively.

"Most assuredly, I do," he replied.

"Which of your ancestors do you worship?" asked Mark.

"My father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather," he answered.

"None of them further back than your great-grandfather?" asked Mark.

"I do not know them any farther back," he replied.

"And how will they feel?" asked Mark. "Will they not feel unhappy that their sons and grandsons are worshiped, while they are not?"

"*Mei hsiang tao*"—I never thought of that —replied his excellency.

"Now, do you not see?" said Mark, "that, no matter how many of your ancestors you worship, their will still be others that you do not, and that it is impossible to get a perfect worship unless you go back and worship the one God and Father of us all, and thus you honor all your ancesters?"

The official never offered any further objections to Mark's religion, but allowed one of his sons to join the Church.

When the great official Li Hung-chang died, a temple was erected for his worship (not simply in his memory) in Peking, another in his native place, and still others in other great cities. Every official or scholar who succeeded in winning great fame may have at least one temple erected for his worship, that in his native city or village, or in the place where he won his laurels. In Shanhaikuan, where the Great Wall enters the sea, there is a temple erected in memory of Wu San-kuei, the general who succeeded in keeping the Manchus out until he asked them to come and help him drive out the rebel who had overthrown the Ming dy-

nasty. A similar temple is in Changli, for the worship of the great statesman and philosopher Han Yü, and almost every city and village has some temple erected for the worship of some one of its own great sons.

Confucius was born 551 B. C. He was a moralist only, and not a religionist. His concern was man's relation to man, and not man's relation to God. When asked about God, he answered, "I do not know man; how can I know God?" When asked about the existence of the soul after death, he replied, "We know not life; how can we know death?" When asked what he thought of Lao Tze's teaching, to "recompense injury with kindness," he replied, "Recompense kindness with kindness, and injury with justice."

The negative form of the Golden Rule, which is usually attributed to Confucius, did not originate with him, nor was he the first to give it expression. On one occasion he asked a disciple, "Tze, what is your rule of conduct?"

"My rule of conduct," answered the disciple, "is not to do to others what I would not have them do to me."

"Tze," answered the master, "you have not yet attained to that."

In estimating Confucianism we should remember that Confucius made no pretensions to divine help, power, or revelation. He taught men as a man, and taught only about life. He made no pretensions to do what he could not, or to know what he did not know. As a man he has had a greater and better influence upon more people than any other man that has ever lived. And the Chinese people, the greatest non-Christian nation the world has ever developed, are more the result of the influence of Confucius than of any other person. He gathered up and edited the best literature of the past, and made a set of classics which are pure in tone and which have served the Chinese as a course of study for twenty-four centuries. That some later scholar did not prepare a better course is no reflection on the sage.

But Confucius was not a deep thinker. He was simply a pedagogue. He struck a surface depth which is easy to understand, and hence could become popular. If Confucius had gone deeper his influence would have been narrower. Turn from Lao Tze or Chuang Tze to Confu-

cius, and it is like turning from Plato or Aristotle to Socrates. One can not but wish that, instead of turning the face of China to the past, he had turned it to the future, and that, instead of turning men's thoughts manward only, he had directed them Godward. But the sage did a noble work, and it remains for the "Man of Galilee" to do what the man of Lu could not. Confucius inspired the peoples of Eastern Asia in a pursuit of the intellectual just as Jesus Christ has inspired the peoples of Western Europe in the pursuit of the spiritual, and has received the same kind of homage.

Buddhism.—In the year 65 A. D. the Emperor Ming Ti had a dream in which he dreamed that a prophet had arisen in the West. Under the leadership of a prince, his brother, he formed a company of eighteen officials and sent them west to search for the prophet. This was about the time Paul was writing his second epistle to Timothy; and one can not but wonder what would have happened if Paul and some of the Epistles and Gospels, with the Old Testament, had been found by this delegation. But God pity us if they had found Paul and taken him to China instead of allowing him to come to Europe!

They went to India. There they found some Buddhist books and priests, and carried them with some idols back to China; and thus Buddhism was introduced into the middle kingdom. And the Chinese say, "Of all sinners Ming Ti was the greatest."

As a matter of fact Buddhism supplied what Confucianism lacks—a hope of a future life; and this is the reason why Buddhism has gotten such a strong hold upon the people. Of course, it is implied in the worship of ancestors that the spirits of the ancestors still exist, else why worship them? But the hope is indefinite. So when Buddhism was brought in, with her nirvana and her transmigrations, there was something to feed the hope of the bereaved ones.

Buddhism, however, brought nothing which corresponds to the Chinese classics or the Bible as an educative force; and the system of religion which does not foster education must surely die. One need only follow the history of the Christian Church where the people are kept in ignorance and subjection, to understand the force of this remark.

Buddhism undertook to do with priests, tem-

ples, worship, and idols what Confucianism undertook to do with schools. Every nook and corner of the universe was inhabited by a spirit, and Buddhism put an idol—gold, silver, bronze, stone, wood, clay, paper—wherever it could be placed, from the kitchen and the front gate to the housetop and the well, and gave the people something to fear and to worship everywhere. But they did nothing to increase the intelligence of the people. The temples are dirty, the priests are filthy and ignorant and foul.

> "And if the priests be foul in whom we trust,
> What wonder is it a lewd man should rust?"

The people affect to despise them, whether they do or not; but when death comes to a home, both Buddhist and Taoist priests are called in to chant their litanies and say their prayers, for, not knowing which may be right or which wrong, they prefer to consult them all.

At New Year's time the Chinese burn a kitchen god. But before doing so they smear his mouth with molasses, so that he will not report any but sweet things about them when he reaches heaven. When friends die, they make all kinds of paper houses, rolls of paper silk,

carts, horses, sedan chairs, servants, money, even cards and dice, if they were fond of playing, and burn them in a bonfire, that the departed one may have them in the spirit world. Each year they place silvered paper on the grave as an annual allowance for the spirit.

Mrs. Headland once said to a princess who had prepared these things for her mother-in-law,

"You do not think that her spirit will want dice, or cards, or the chair in which she was borne as a cripple, do you?"

"I do not know what she may want," replied the princess, "but it is a comfort to us to do for her anything that she liked when here, and so we prepare these things."

And so they prepare all these usefully useless things just as we put flowers on the casket or on the grave. Human nature and human sorrow and human needs are the same all over the world.

But the idol that is most worshipped of any in China is the goddess of Mercy. There are some who think that this is the Virgin Mary, carried to China by the Nestorians from 500 to 800 A. D., adopted by the Buddhists, and in-

cluded in their pantheon. She is certainly not a Hindoo goddess, as she has neither the features nor the figure of the idols brought from that country.

Taoism (pronounced Dow-ism) is the outgrowth of the teachings of Lao Tze, who was an old man when Confucius began his teaching. The highest expression of moral teaching ever reached by the Chinese was reached by Lao Tze in his "recompense injury with kindness." Confucius once visited him, but was unable to comprehend his teaching.

Lao Tze wrote a book called the "Tao Te Ching," the classic or Bible of the Taoists. It is a small book of only about five thousand words. The word *Tao* means *way, Te* means *virtue;* and so it has been called the "Classic of the Way and of Virtue." His own explanation of the *Way* is so complicated that no critics thus far have been able to comprehend it. The same expression, *Tao,* is used for *Word* in the first chapter of John's Gospel, "In the beginning was the *Word.*"

The chief teaching of Lao Tze and his early followers is, "Do nothing, and all things will be done;" a doctrine of inactivity. It is worthy

of note that China's greatest philosopher, Chuang Tze, a contemporary of Aristotle, was Lao Tze's most distinguished disciple.

Once, when Chuang Tze's disciples were conversing as to what kind of a funeral they should give their master, he, overhearing them, said,

"Give me no funeral at all; just throw me out."

"But," they objected, "the birds will eat you."

"Bury me," he answered, "and the worms will eat me. You rob the birds to feed the worms."

The Taoists began experimenting as alchemists some two or three centuries before Christ, and were the natural scientists of the times. Their search was for the elixir of life. It was in this way that they discovered gunpowder. The great officials of the times despised this search for the elixir of life; but Chin Shih Huang, the emperor who built the Great Wall, and some of his successors were anxious to get the elixir of life, and, of course, there were always fakirs to find it for them. On one occasion one of these Taoists brought a dose to

the emperor. An old official, who was present when it was brought, drank it. The emperor threatened to put him to death.

"That is impossible, Your Majesty," said the official.

"What do you mean?" asked the emperor.

"I have taken a dose of the elixir of life," answered the official.

"That shall not save you," said the ruler.

"If it can not save me," asked the official, "what is the use of Your Majesty taking it?" And his wit saved his life.

This pandering to the wants of others has been a characteristic of the Taoists throughout their history. They began to adopt the gods of the Buddhists and add them to their own; and this they continued to do until their pantheon is equal to that of the Buddhists.

Lao Tze left China, so the story goes, riding upon a cow. As he was going out of the northwest pass, the gatekeeper made him stop and write a book, the "Tao Te Ching," before he would let him through. As he never returned, he was supposed to have sublimated and gone to the celestial regions, where he holds meetings with the best of his followers until the present

time. Eight of the greatest of his disciples are called the Eight Immortals. One of these is "Li of the Iron Staff."

Li is said on one occasion to have gone in spirit to a meeting with Lao Tze, leaving his body in charge of a disciple. The mother of the latter died before Li returned, and he was forced to leave the body to go and bury his parent; so that when Li returned, his body had begun to decay. (Why it would not decay while the disciple was watching it, does not concern the Chinese.) When Li returned and found his body in a state of putrefaction, he looked about and saw the body of a lame beggar from which the spirit had just departed, and, slipping into that, he has been hobbling about on an iron staff ever since. Most of the Chinese fairy tales are connected with Taoism.

About the third or fourth century of our era there was a war for supremacy between these three religions. The Buddhists built temples and decorated them with their idols. The Taoists built temples too, and decorated them with pictures of their gods and their immortals. The Confucianists built schools and decorated them with paintings of the great men

of the past. This continued for several centuries. Sometimes one would lead in popular favor, and sometimes another. Taoism was always ready to adopt a god or a genius, if by so doing she could win the hearts of the people. It was in this way that Chinese art took its rise; so that art in Asia, as in Europe, was developed in connection with religion.

What these three religions undertook to do for China, Christianity did for Europe and America. Confucianism undertook to develop the intellectual life of the people. This it did in a very imperfect way. It furnished a system of study which, with the learning of the Chinese language, has produced a greater memory development in the Chinese than in any other people in the world; but it left the thinking facilities, such as reason and invention, practically dormant. Contrast the old educational system of Confucianism with the great university, college, and public-school system of Europe and America, and we can readily see what a failure Confucianism has been at its strongest point. Or, if we question its failure, we only need to remember that the Chinese themselves have given up the old Confucian system for the

Christian system, even adopting every seventh day as a day of rest.

Buddhism undertook to furnish the Chinese with a system of worship and a hope for the life beyond. In this she also has failed. No Chinese scholar will admit that he is a Buddhist. The people as a whole do not admit that Buddhism as a system is worthy of their respect. They seek the priests as a last resort, but from childhood they have no respect for the priests, and ridicule them in their play and in their nursery rhymes, as witness the following:

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, little girl fair,
There 's a priest in the temple without any hair,
You take a tile and I 'll take a brick,
And we 'll hit the priest in the back of the neck.

Taoism undertook to furnish the Chinese with a system of science. She experimented as in alchemy. She tried astrology. She undertook to explain the laws of nature. But all her efforts have resulted in nothing more than *Feng shua:* demonology, soothsaying, and necromancy. And now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the Chinese people have opened all doors to the learning, the science,

and the religion of the West, and are sending their brightest pupils to be educated in Europe and America. Nay, she is even sending her princes and her highest officials to learn about the Christian countries, that she may adopt a system of government that has never been developed by any but a Christian people.

CHAPTER X

BY-PRODUCTS IN INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT

From what we have seen of the Chinese systems of religion, we are driven to the conclusion that they have failed. They have done what they could, but they are man-made systems, and they can but do a man-made system's work. No people can rise higher than their religion. Confucius and Mencius, Lao Tze and Mo Tze, and the other noble men who worked with and who came after them, have raised China up to their own level, the level of a măn; and there they must stop until a longer lever with a greater purchase and power is placed under her.

That power, as we has seen, is not Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, nor Mohammedanism. These have all been tried. They have had their chance for from twelve to twenty-three centuries, and they have confessedly failed. What shall be done now? Shall we withdraw

and say China is hopeless? Shall we say no people has any right to offer their religion to any other people? or shall we send our missionaries with the message of the Master—a message of salvation, of healing, and of intelligence—and see what that will do? Jesus Christ as He came to this world was especially designed as a Savior of men, of all men, and of the whole man—physically, mentally, morally, spiritually; and the message which He has left us, if rightly interpreted and applied, can not but bring about the same results among the people of other nations and races as it has among our own.

I was talking with an eminent psychologist not long since—one of the new psychologists, who do a tremendous amount of experimenting with the brain, the nerves, the eye, ear, nose, throat, taste, touch; a physiological psychologist, or a psychological physiologist, or whatever we may term the new psychologists, but certainly a master in his own line of work—and during the conversation I said to him:

"I suppose you will admit that the human brain is the highest type of physical creation; will you not?"

"Certainly," he replied; "we all hold that."

"You believe, as we all do, that the body is only the house in which the real man lives—the tools with which he works; do you not?" I went on.

"Yes," he replied.

"But this house is important, and these tools are essential to his development."

"Very few people," he answered, "have any conception of the complicated mechanism of the human body."

"I suppose, also, that you admit," I continued, "that somehow connected with this brain there is a thinking man—an intellectual man."

"Certainly I do."

"Well, now, will you admit that reason is to the thinking man about what the brain is to the physical man—the highest faculty, the most intricate and complicated of the thinking powers, and the most difficult to develop?"

"Yes," he replied, "the memory is simple and easily developed; a kind of a storehouse for facts. The imagination runs riot even in a child. But the reason does not appear until later in life, and it requires the solution of a

long list and a great variety of problems for its development."

"And what would you say the reason or the thinking man deals with?" I asked.

"Things," he replied, without hesitation. "The thinking man relates us to the world and the things of the world."

"Does it not relate us to laws?"

"To laws as things, again I answer, yes. We think about laws as things," he replied.

"Does it not relate us to man?" I asked, further.

"To man as a thing, yes," he replied; "but not to man as a moral being."

"And how are we related to man as a moral being?" I inquired again.

"By our moral nature," he replied.

"What do you mean by our moral nature?" I asked.

"I mean," he went on to explain, "that man is a moral being as well as an intellectual being. That he has a moral nature that is as distinct from his intellectual nature as it is from his spiritual nature, and that he has moral faculties just as he has intellectual faculties."

"What do you mean by moral faculties?" I inquired.

"What do you mean by intellectual faculties?" he asked, in return.

"I mean powers of the mind that have certain definite functions, or states of the mind when it does certain definite work," I replied.

"That is exactly what I mean by moral faculties," he answered.

"You mean," I asked, "that conscience is to the moral man what reason is to the thinking man?"

"Exactly. Conscience is just as truly a faculty or state of the mind as reason; has just as definite functions, and is as capable of development by the same laws and methods," he asserted.

"I am not sure that I understand what you mean," I answered.

"Man is a trinity," he explained, "without any reference to his physical nature. The psychical part is threefold. The lowest of these three is the intellectual or thinking man, with all his faculties and powers. To develop the reason, we have definite studies, such as the various departments of mathematics. Above the thinking man we have the moral man, and conscience is to the moral man what reason is to

the thinking man. It is just as much a faculty as reason, and is capable of development by the same laws and exercises; and yet, unfortunately, we do not have, in a single college or university in the world, so far as I know, a system of study that is designed to develop conscience as mathematics develops reason."

"You think, then, that our system of education is defective," I suggested.

"It is incomplete," he answered. "We have been spending all our energy thus far on the development of our intellectual nature, without paying any attention to our moral faculties. What we want is a moral mathematics—a study which will do for conscience and the moral nature what mathematics does for reason."

"That would be difficult to make, would it not?" I objected.

"Arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, calculus, and the various other mathematical studies were not easy to make, but we made them. We can make anything we are interested enough to undertake. Most of us have never even thought of the necessity of such a study."

"How would you undertake to make such a study?" I asked.

"I am not certain that I know," he answered. "It would probably have to be a practical application of a good many things that we already know. It might be that after we had taught the students certain things they would be sent out to do them *a la* Squeers. It might be that students would be held responsible for and examined in their conduct toward their fellow-students and their teacher as carefully as in their books."

"You mean that it would be a science of our relations one with another?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "As our intellectual nature relates us to things, our moral nature relates us to our fellow-men. Conscience, our moral faculty, enables us to distinguish between right and wrong and urges us to do the right and avoid the wrong. The way to develop one's arm is to use one's arm; the way to develop one's reason is to use one's reason; so, on the same principle, the way to develop one's conscience is not only to know what we ought to do, but to do what we ought to do."

"Our educational system, as it stands today, then, is very incomplete," I suggested.

"In so far as a thorough education is con-

cerned, most assuredly," he answered. "When we have passed the schools we are only one-third developed. Our moral nature and our spiritual nature still lie dormant, except as they have been helped by the Church or by home instruction. Most of the schools pay no attention to the moral and spiritual development of the students, though these, or either of them, is of more importance than the education of the intellect, while both of them are totally disregarded by the schools."

"Is not your statement too strong?"

"What statement?"

"You say that the moral faculties are of more importance than the intellectual faculties," I added.

"Are they not?" he asked.

"I have always thought of the intellectual development as being the most important of all," I said.

"So have most people," he added, "and that is where the trouble lies. But is our relation to things as important as our relation to our fellow-men? Is it as important that I understand the law of gravitation, or that I can operate the laws of electricity or steam, as it is

that I can operate the 'Golden Rule' or the 'Judge not, that ye be not judged?' You know of young men who spend four years of study in the university trying to understand and be able to manipulate the laws of electricity,—and become an electrical engineer. But did you ever hear of a man going into college and spending four years in an effort to understand and be able to operate the moral laws? What we want as a result of our college work is a greater number of *moral engineers!* Our moral nature is higher than our intellectual nature, and more difficult to develop; and hence we have scarcely begun upon it, not to say anything of our spiritual nature."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean to say," he added, "that away above the moral man there is another man, the spiritual man; and this religious man is as far above the moral man as the moral man is above the intellectual or thinking man. Now, faith is to the spiritual man what conscience is to the moral man and reason to the intellectual man. Just as much a faculty, just as susceptible of development, and by the same laws and rules as reason. But there is not a theological school

in the world, so far as I know, that has ever thought of attempting to construct a system of study that would contribute to the development of faith as mathematics does reason. That we have faith there is no question. That it is capable of development no one, I think, has any doubt. The only question that remains to be settled, then, is this: Is it possible to construct a study, or a system of studies, to co-ordinate and correlate a series of laws and facts in such a way that by a thorough, systematic, and continued study of the same we may secure a faith development commensurate with our reasoning power?"

"You think, then, that the faith of the Christian peoples is not equal to their reason," I remarked.

"Do you think it is?" he asked. "In my judgment, we are a race of reasoning or thinking monstrosities and of moral and spiritual pigmies. We think, think, think; there is no problem too big for us to undertake. We are ready to spend our lives boring down to a last little analysis of some problem in chemistry or physics, or rooting out some new element, or ferreting out some new power of nature; but

how much of the time spent in our education is put on the development of a conscience that is sensitive to the slightest variation from the laws of rectitude and the rules of honesty? If there were as much time and effort spent on the development of a sensitive conscience as there is on the manufacture of a sensitive thermometer, the world would be better than it is to-day."

"Our faith does not seem to be very highly developed," I remarked.

"It is not developed at all," he added. "We talk about reasoning out a problem. But who ever heard any one talk about faithing out a matter. We have made reason into a verb, because just as soon as a faculty goes to work it must work as a verb. But who ever heard of conscience or faith having been made into a verb! Why? I answer, simply because we have never yet set conscience or faith to work on the moral and spiritual problems of life."

"Do you think that the words conscience and faith could be made into verbs?" I asked.

"Anything can be made into a verb if it can be put to work. There are great spiritual problems which will never be solved unless they are

faithed. Who by searching, thinking, reasoning can find out God? Spiritual problems must be solved by spiritual faculties. No man could solve a problem in euclid by faith. Nor could any one solve a spiritual problem by reason. You can no more reason the things of faith than you can faith the things of reason. Each must do its own work in its own realm."

"What, then, is the realm of faith?" I inquired.

"The realm of spiritual things," he answered. "Reason links the thinking man with things. Conscience links the moral man with his fellow-men. Faith links the religious man with God. The whole man is thus tied up to the whole universe."

"According to this, then, we are only one-third developed," I suggested.

"Quite right," he answered; "and that the lowest third."

CHAPTER XI

NEED OF BY-PRODUCTS IN MORALS

In thinking over my conversation with my psychological friend I could not but admit that he was more than half right in his views of our lack of development and the shortcomings of our educational system, and I determined, if possible, to talk the matter over with some of our leading educators. This opportunity came recently, when visiting one of our State universities, and one of the leading professors said to me:

"I have been told that ——— proposes to spend three million dollars on a department of morals. What do you think of such a use of funds?"

"The best use that could be made of them," I answered.

"Would you be willing, if you were at the head of an institution, to sink that amount of money in a scheme as impractical as that?" he asked further.

"You mean," I returned, "would I make an

effort to float a project of that kind with that amount of money?"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing," he answered.

"I think I would," I answered. "And then I would try to get three million dollars more to float a department of religion."

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"Just what I say," I answered.

"But I do not understand," he urged.

"I would teach boys and girls the importance of being religious, and how to be religious, just as I would teach them how to be clever."

"But you do not mean to say that you can teach boys and girls how to be religious and moral?" he rejoined.

"Why not?" I answered.

"Why, the way to be moral and religious is just to be moral and religious," he explained.

"Then, on the same principle, the way to be clever is just to be clever; is it?" I asked.

"No; to be clever, one has to study," he answered.

"Is n't goodness and piety as important as brilliancy?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; I suppose so. But they are not so practical," he answered.

"What do you mean by practical?" I asked.

"Useful," he answered. "You can't live on goodness and piety."

"Live," I answered; "you do not have to live, but you have to die; and goodness and piety are a good deal better to die by than brilliancy. That is practical; is n't it?"

"No; but the present age is an age when we want to turn all our knowledge to account."

"You mean, when we want to transform all our brilliancy into money?"

"Well, practically it amounts to that."

"And is that, therefore, the best thing to do?"

"That is the disposition of the age. You examine the courses of study in our colleges and universities. Notice how many of them are of a practical nature. It is a practical age. Men want to use the knowledge they acquire."

"In what way?" I asked, for I perceived he was just now leading up to the subject I wanted to discuss; for I had recently listened to two addresses by the presidents of two of the largest universities in America, and both of them

discussed the practical nature of the present age—practical being the ability to use for personal ends all the knowledge and power one acquires during his college course.

"Well, for instance, take any college curriculum. You will find that a large percentage of the courses of study are of the nature of engineering—civil, electrical, mining—or some other practical character which enables a man to make a better living," he explained.

"Yes, I have observed that," I answered; "but because that is so, is it therefore best? Should it be the whole object of an educational institution to teach men to be smart and enable them to *do* their less fortunate brothers, or should it be a part of their duty to teach them to be good and make it easier for others to live as well as themselves?"

"Sure," he answered. I give his own expression: "It is the business of the school to make men smart, and the business of the Church to make them good."

"I venture," I answered, "that nine-tenths of the people think as you do. I am inclined to believe that the opinion of the government is the same, for not much attention is given to

morality and religion in our State universities. But does that make it right? Have n't we been a bit narrow in the past? Or may I put it in another form? Have we not been so intent on understanding nature and the things about us, that we have paid too little attention to ourselves? Have we not been so anxious for the present that we have given too little thought to the future? Have we not thought so much of our stomach and our back that we have forgotten that the other fellow has a stomach and a back as well? Have we not thought so much about having to live that we have forgotten that we have to die? I do not mean to say that morality and religion are only good to die by. They are as good to live by as intelligence; but there are other things than living, and there are others who have to live besides ourselves. One of the dangers of an education is that it will make men clever without making them good, and enable them to take advantage of their fellow-men for their own personal ends. In other words, education is liable to become self-culture for selfish purposes. Self-preservation may be the first law of nature, but self-sacrifice is the first law of God."

"Well, you do not think that an education should be self-culture for benevolent purposes, do you?" he exclaimed.

"Pretty nearly," I answered. "An education at best is a very selfish thing. It is a pouring in—just pouring in—shoveling in, or drawing out, of a young mind. The young people who are getting an education are just getting, getting, getting all the time, and not giving out. They are being done for, but are not doing anything for any one else. Now, does it seem right that the State, or the public, should provide institutions to devote their time—all their time—to a few of these young people in order that they may live the more easily at the expense of the food producers and the clothes producers, unless they can add very materially to the comfort or happiness of mankind as a whole?"

"But you can not induce people to spend their time securing an education in order to devote themselves to the good of others," he said.

"That depends upon how you teach them. If you teach them that the object of an education is to get more out of life rather than to put more into life, to do others rather than to

do for others, to try to be happy rather than to try to make others happy, you can not get them to devote themselves to others. But if you teach them that the first twenty-five years of their life should be spent developing themselves in order that the second twenty-five years may be spent in the service of others, you will probably produce a very different class of scholars."

"What is that you say?" he asked, in surprise. "Do you mean that a fellow should spend twenty-five years in hard study in order to fit himself to work for others?"

"That is one way of putting it," I answered, "though I should express it differently. I should spend twenty-five years trying to find myself, and getting right views and right values of life; then I would spend the next twenty-five trying to express myself in terms of my relation to my fellow-men. There is some excuse for a farmer living who does not do a benevolent deed all his life; he is producing food for mankind. There is some excuse also for a laborer who has no time for anything but the support of his family; he is doing the work of the world and is thus a producer. But he is a pitiable

figure, indeed, who, with an education, produces neither food, clothes, work, thought, comfort, nor consolation, but spends his time trying to secure his own ease and prolong his own life. He is a parasite on the public; and the system of education that leads or teaches young people to believe that an education is being secured in order that they may live more comfortably rather than that they may help others to be more comfortable and happy is radically wrong. The fruit of an education should be very much like the fruit of the spirit."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well I wish that expression of the 'little hook-nosed Jew who trod the air into the third heaven and learnt the most beautiful things' were in some other book, that I might quote it from a man as a man—a great man—rather than as a preacher."

"What expression?"

"That expression about the fruit of the spirit."

"Oh, you mean love and all those other things?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes; do you know what they are?"

"I do n't think I do, in the order in which your little Jew names them."

"Well, if you do not know them in the order in which he names them, there is no use of knowing them at all," I remarked.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because everything depends upon the order in which they come. Paul in those nine words is trying to express his conception of the moral and religious development of a human soul—or his moral and spiritual education; for that is what it is. Now, if our educational institutions would follow those directions in the development of young people, instead of only trying to teach them about things, we would have a much more rounded and symmetrical lot of young people sent out from our colleges year by year."

"Let me get my Testament and look at it," he exclaimed. "I have never thought of it in relation to an education."

"There are nine of them, you observe," I continued. "Group them in three bunches of three each, for you will not find anywhere else in the world three such clusters of fruit."

"The first three," he remarked, as he read them over, "are 'love, joy, peace;' but they do not strike me as any particular part of an education."

"Indeed," said I, interrogatively; "do you not observe that love, joy, and peace, like an education, take effect upon one's self? They have nothing to do with any one else. They are absolutely the most selfish things in the world in that you can not give them to any one else. You can not share them with others. No matter how much you may want to do so, you can not divide your joy with your best friend. It is yours, and yours alone."

"Oh, I do not think you are right!" he exclaimed. "Why, I have always been taught that love is the most unselfish thing in the world."

"Then you have been wrong," said I, understanding exactly what he meant, but without explaining myself. "Love is yours. It is yours alone. You may inspire it in some one else, but you can not divide it with him. Joy likewise is yours. To inspire in others? Yes, perhaps; but not to divide. Peace is yours. Yours only, with no power to divide it, however much you may want to do so, with any one else. You may lie down at night beside your friend, your wife, your husband, at perfect peace with yourself and all the world, while they think and worry

and toss upon a bed of unrest; and gladly would you divide your peace with them, but you can not do so. You may try to comfort them, but you can not share your peace with them. Love, joy, and peace, the firstfruits of the spirit, like an education, are the result of one's own conduct or effort, and can not be given to us by any one else."

"Now, aren't you twisting the meaning there?" he said, dubiously. "It looks as if what you say is right, but I had never thought of them in that way before."

"I think not," I answered. "Love and joy and peace are the personal part of a moral and spiritual education, just as the memory, reason, and imagination are the personal part of an intellectual development. Without them we are moral and spiritual imbeciles. They ought to come in youth at the same time with our intellectual development, and the cultivation of them (I do not mean any sexual affection, but a disposition to be affectionate, happy, and peaceful) ought to be as much a part of our system of education as the teaching of mathematics and science. If these are developed in youth we are prepared for a happy and successful

moral and spiritual life; and if not—then canes, crutches, and bolsters. Now, what are the next fruits of the Spirit?"

"'Longsuffering, gentleness, goodness,'" he read from Galatians.

"Well, what do you make of that?" I asked.

"I do not make anything of it," he replied.

"Do you not see how naturally that follows upon the heels of love, joy, and peace?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," he answered.

"I do not understand how you can fail to see it," I urged.

"See what?" he asked.

"See the connection," I answered. "Just as soon as one has within himself a well-developed love, joy, and peace he can not but express himself in longsuffering, gentleness, and goodness toward his fellow-men. When one has a well-developed reason, imagination, or inventive power, he wants to go to work on things and make machines, poems, pictures, or solve the riddle of the universe; so when one has a well-developed affection and a well-cultivated disposition he will just as naturally go to work upon his fellow-men in his exercise of longsuffering or patience toward them in their shortcomings,

gentleness in their dealings, and goodness in their conduct. It is the conscience of the man in action. It is his moral nature operating on his fellow-men. And it is as much more important than intellectual development as the man is of more consequence than the machine he operates. And yet we put young people into school and teach them for twenty-five years to develop their thinking powers, paying little attention to their morals, and even turning the New Testament and prayer out of our public schools."

"It does look a good deal more important and more serious than I had ever thought it was," he answered, as he read the words over again and again.

"Well, what is the last cluster of that fruit of the Spirit?" I asked.

" 'Faith, meekness, temperance,' " he read; and before I could stop him he finished the verse, " 'against such there is no law.' "

"Well, there is n't any occasion in the divine régime for any law against such things, though there seems to be a good deal of opposition to temperance in some States," I remarked.

He smiled.

"Now, you notice," I continued, "that this last cluster links us up with God, just as the former linked us with our fellow-men, and leaves us in the closing and more mature years of our lives to perfect our own character in the development of meekness and temperance. Love and joy and peace come in youth; but who ever knew a child to be meek or temperate!"

"Yes, or to exercise any great faith?" he added.

"What do you mean?" I asked in turn, for I was not sure I understood him.

"Why," he explained, "children and young people want to *know*, and are not satisfied with believing."

"I must confess I do not yet understand," I added.

"I mean, what you *know* you do not have to *believe*, and what you *believe* you admit you do not *know*," he explained.

"I hardly think I agree with you," I remarked, "at least altogether. Faith, it seems to me, is a faculty which enables us to get a kind of knowledge that reason can not get; viz., a knowledge of God, of salvation, and of a future life. For instance, I know I am saved.

I did not get that knowledge through imagination, through intuition, nor through reason, but through faith."

"But can you know you are saved?" he asked. "Do you not just believe you are?"

"By no means," I answered; "I know it."

"How?" he asked.

"Well, this is where the man of reason and the man of faith part company," I answered.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, the man of reason holds that all our knowledge comes through reason. And our knowledge of things, I suppose, does, except where faith in a theory helps us. But faith as a faculty helps us to ferret out spiritual verities, just as reason helps us to solve temporal problems; and when we have ferreted them out —or faithed them out—we are just as certain of them as we are of any other facts."

"For instance?" he said, interrogatively.

"Well, then, for instance," I answered. "When I was a boy of eighteen, and one must give personal experience in order to illustrate with personal knowledge, I did not feel satisfied with my life. I felt that I ought to be a Christian. I had not been a bad boy; that is, I did

not swear, or steal, or love low company, but I went to church and Sunday school, and was, on the whole, as my teachers and neighbors would have admitted, a good son, a good brother, a good boy. But I was not satisfied. Revival services were being held in our church. I did not attend them at first because I was teaching at the time, walking seven miles a day to and from school, and I persuaded myself that I had enough to do.

"About a week after they had begun, my mother asked me if I was not going to attend the services. I answered that I was not; that my long walk and teaching was about all I could do. Then she said:

" 'Are you afraid to go?'

"I shut my teeth together and said to myself, 'I 'll show mother that I am not afraid to go,' and I attended the meetings every evening of the week.

"Saturday evening there was a lecture in our schoolhouse, and I took my young lady friend to hear it. As we were driving home she asked:

" 'Has any one gone to the altar at the revival services?'

"I answered that no one had.

"'That is queer,' she replied. 'There are so many young people in your neighborhood who do not belong to Church, and everybody likes a Christian better than one who is not a Christian.'

"Now, that seemed the most reasonable thing I had ever heard, and I decided that on Sunday night I would go forward, kneel at the altar, and seek salvation. I did in all honesty. I prayed. I got rid of everything I had that would separate me from God. I prayed during my walks to and from school, but I did not realize a single change. This continued all the week. On Saturday forenoon a meeting was held. The people told me to believe, and I would be converted. I could not understand how I was to believe I had a thing that I did not have or did not know I had. I went home on Saturday morning. My brother and I were sitting in the parlor. He was trying to start a tune which he did not know very well. I had not sung a word the whole week, but I butted in and started the thing for him. Mother looked in from the dining-room and asked:

"'Was some one converted at the meeting this forenoon?'

"'No,' I answered.

"'Are you sure?' she asked.

"And I said to myself, 'I believe I am; I believe I am;' and with my first 'believe' came the knowledge that I was, and from that time until the present, thirty-four years, I have known. That is what I mean by *faithing* out a thing. There is a kind of knowledge that comes by reason—a knowledge of things; and then there is a kind of knowledge that comes by faith, just as clear, just as definite, and very much more valuable and important; and hence I think the reason for God's having given us the commandment as He did."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that God gave mankind four commands in regard to Himself—the first four—the burden of which was that we should love Him with all our heart, mind, soul, strength. The most important relation a man has, if we are to judge from these first four commands, is relation to God; and hence it is the most reasonable thing in the world to believe that we can faith out that relation. Then the last six express our relation to our fellow-men: we should honor our father and mother, and love our neighbor as ourself, and never try to do

him out of his life, his character, his property, or anything that is his. Now, if the Almighty spent the whole force of the Ten Commandments on our relation to Him and our fellowmen—our moral nature and our religious nature—would it be an impractical use of funds to have a department of morals and a department of religion in every one of our colleges? Wouldn't it be the part of wisdom to get all of our young people linked up to the whole universe, rather than to have them tied down to material things alone?"

"I do not know but it would. But most people do not think of it in that way," he replied.

"Quite right," I answered. "A great many people used to think that it looked wise to pretend to be agnostics; ignoramuses, for that is what an agnostic admits himself to be. But that time is past. In these days, however, so much attention has been given to a knowledge of laws and forces and powers and things that students seem to think it a sign of weakness to be found studying about moral and religious matters, when in reality the highest and best two-thirds of their psychical nature (ψυχη) is

so dwarfed and undeveloped that they do not even have the power to conceive, or to realize the largeness of the worlds of thought that lie beyond their horizon."

"I do not think I understand what you mean," he remarked.

"Have n't you heard men say that religion is all right for women and children, but it is not big enough for men? Or, if you have not heard them say it with their mouths, go to any of our churches and look at the congregation and see how they say it with their lives. Go and listen to some of the baccalaureate addresses in some of our great colleges and universities, and see how the practical character of an education is dwelt upon for fifty-five minutes, and then the last five minutes are given to a reference to the moral and religious nature in a sort of an apologetic tone, as though it had no right to be there. I am not talking any supposition. I am simply describing what I heard in two great addresses by the presidents of two of our greatest universities not a month ago. Nor am I referring to anything that is uncommon. Go to any of the Commencement exercises of our State institutions and you will hear the same thing."

"But you would not teach religion in our State institutions, would you?" he asked.

"Why not?" I rejoined. "I would not teach sectarianism — Protestantism, Catholicism, any *ism;* but I would try to develop goodness and reverence in young people as I develop intelligence. I would try to give them some conception of what they are. I would try to develop in them some understanding of their whole nature. I would try to show the smarty who thinks he is intelligent because he knows something about the earth, its strata, and its history; the rocks, the minerals, and precious stones; the animals, the insects, the reptiles, and the birds; the moss, the lichens, the flowers, and the trees; the combinations of air and water and ten thousand other things; the laws of matter, of magnetism, and of mind; the motions of the planets and the compositions of the stars; that he has only begun to understand the elements of things. I would try to impress upon him that if he wished to be really intelligent he would ferret out and explain what time and space and infinity and existence and beauty and duty and right are. And then, after he had explained these to his own and my satisfaction, I would urge upon him never to be satisfied with

his accomplishments until he was able to do his duty toward his fellow-students, his teachers, and his fellow-men, and live in a right attitude toward God and get results from prayer; and then he would be in a fair way in his probation for eternity. Some of those who think they are rich and clever and famous will wake up some time to the fact that what they thought was treasure is filthy lucre, that what they thought wisdom was foolishness, and what they thought fame was only notoriety; and they will find themselves starting in upon eternity as half-inch dwarfs because of a misconception of values during the period of their probation and education."

"But how are you going to find time during a college course for the study of all these things?" he asked.

"One could not find time during a college course for the study of all these things," I replied. "But one ought to find time while young people are in school to make right impressions. We do not get an education while in college. We only get a start, a trend. We ought to learn enough to enable us to study, but we ought to get right impressions and right values of life.

We will not all be inclined to follow the same course, but we should all know enough of religion and morals as constituent elements in an education to prevent us from sneering at the highest parts of our nature as unimportant, and focusing our minds on our lower faculties as though they were the highest."

"Jesus increased in stature (physically) and in wisdom (mentally) and in favor of man (morally) and in favor with God (spiritually)," and He was the perfect Man.

CHAPTER XII

BY-PRODUCTS IN MUSIC

One Sunday in August, 1909, I was invited to give an address in the great auditorium at Ocean Grove, N. J. I arrived at Ocean Grove on Saturday, and was given a ticket of admission to a musical entertainment, the principal performer in which was the great singer Jommelli. There were more than seven thousand people present, and in addition to her singing, selections were given by others on the piano and on the great organ, one of the largest, I think, in the United States, designed, placed in the auditorium, and directed by Mr. Jones, whom you will easily recognize if you are at Ocean Grove by his Paderewski method of dressing his hair.

The following morning I spoke to an audience of nine thousand people on "The By-products of Missions," and during the address I called attention to the great organ, the entertainment of the previous evening, and to the

fact that one might search the non-Christian world in vain for a human voice, cultivated and developed like that of Jommelli.

To my surprise, after the address I discovered that Jommelli was on the rostrum behind me, and at the close of the service asked to be introduced, and also introduced her husband to me. As we were stopping at the same hotel, she inquired if she might talk with me some time during the afternoon, to which I, of course, replied that I should be glad to have the honor of her acquaintance and an opportunity to talk with her.

During the conversation of the afternoon she said:

"Mr. Headland, it was a new thought to me that one might search the world, I mean the non-Christian world, around and not find a well-cultivated human voice. Is that true?"

"You have been around the world, have you not?" I inquired.

"Yes," she replied, "I have; but I did not think to look for singers. I suppose I was so interested in singing myself that I did not think to hunt for others."

"You have been in theaters in China, Japan,

India, and other Asiatic countries, have you not?" I asked again.

"Yes," she replied, "I wanted to learn something about their music, and so I attended their theaters."

"Did you find any voice that you thought was being used properly," I inquired, "or any school for the cultivation of the voice?"

"None," she answered.

"Neither will you find any such, though you search the non-Christian world around," I said.

"And how do you account for this?" she asked.

"By the Church," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the Church is the cause of the world's music," I answered.

"Impossible," she replied.

"You know the history of the development of music, do you not?" I went on. "Was it not a demand on the part of the Church for proper music that developed the first conservatories? Were not the first great musical compositions sacred rather than secular? Were not the first composers churchmen? Follow the history of music, and you trace it back to the

same source as the history of art. I do not mean to say that music remained under the supervision of the Church any more than did art, but it was the demand of the Church for proper music for her worship that has called forth the musical talent of the world; and you, madam, would not have been using that beautiful voice of yours to-day but for the Christian Church. Every human voice that is furnishing the world with the music of to-day, as well as the voices that are hushed forever: Patti, Melba, Eames, Calvé, Caruso, Delmores, Nordica, Fremstad, Mary Garden, Alice Nielsen, Zenatello, Bonei, Cavalieri, Constantino, Lipkowska, Baklanoff, Amato, McCormack, Boninsegua, Emmy Destinn, Sammarco, Anselmi, Mardonis, Scotti, or Tetrazzini, are, whether they recognize it or not, by-products of the gospel."

"Yes," she replied, "I had not thought of it in this way before. I suppose we do not give the Church credit for all that it has done in the civilizing and socializing influence it has had upon the world. I had never thought of the Church but as a religious institution. I think most people think of it only as such."

"No doubt they do," I replied; "but that

is a very narrow view. Turn now to the great musical compositions, those that have most touched the world's heart. Are they sacred or secular?"

"Sacred, of course," she replied. "But that is because of the natural human instinct to be religious."

"Is that true?" I asked.

"Is it not?" she counter-questioned.

"If it is," I replied, "why do not the Chinese and the Hindoos have such music?"

"Perhaps they are not so religious as we are," she replied.

"Who gave us the great religions of the world?" I queried.

"I have never thought who," she answered.

"China gave us two: Taoism and Confucianism; India two: Brahmanism and Buddhism; Persia one: Zoroastrianism; Arabia one: Mohammedanism; and Palestine two: Judaism and Christianity. The Europeans never originated a religion that was worth propagating. How comes it that we are more religious than they, when they originated all the religions?"

"Ah! indeed; I had never thought of that. That is extremely interesting. We are not re-

ligious enough to have made great sacred compositions without the stimulus of Christianity!" she exclaimed. "I shall always be more interested in religion than I have been heretofore. We are indebted to it for all the products of our musical genius!"

"Nay, more," I replied; "we are indebted to it for all our great composers as well."

"Ah?" said she, with an interrogatory tone.

"Are we not?" I asked. "Could we have had a Mendelssohn, a Wagner, a Meyerbeer, a Rubinstein, a Verdi, a Liszt, a Rossini without the demand, the stimulus, the preparation, the sentiment, and the inspiration that have come from Christianity?"

"Indeed, our debt is great," she exclaimed; "greater than it had ever occurred to me to consider!"

Just as she spoke it began to thunder, as I supposed, and we both bent our ears in an attitude of listeners.

"Ah," she exclaimed, with a flash of appreciation in her eyes, "the organ is playing."

"The organ of the spheres," I answered.

"No, the organ in the auditorium," she replied.

"Is not that thunder?" I asked.

"No; that is the organ," she answered. "It is a very good representation of thunder, is n't it?"

"It is, indeed. I was convinced that it was thunder, in spite of the fact that the sun is shining," I remarked. "That organ is a great advance on the Chinese *sheng*."

"What do you mean?" she queried.

"Did you not see the Chinese *sheng*—the oldest representative of pipe organs?" I asked.

"Oh, you mean the half of a cocoanut with bamboo tubes or pipes of various lengths attached?" she said, with an interrogatory accent. "But I did not learn when it was made, whether before or after our pipe organ. And I had not thought of associating the two."

"Yes, I think the Chinese should be given credit for having made the first pipe organ," I said. "The Emperor Huang Ti appointed a committee about 2697 B. C. to select a series of bamboo tubes of various lengths, so the story goes, to represent the seven musical notes; for they have seven instead of eight, as we have. They did so, and the result is preserved in the *sheng*, the ancestor of the pipe organ, if we may so call it."

"That leads me to speak of what I wanted to talk to you about," she said; "Chinese music. They have a system of music, have they not?" she asked.

"They have," I answered. "The emperor appointed his committee, had them select their musical bamboo tubes, arrange their scale, and begin making their musical instruments, and so far as I know they have not made any marked changes in it from that time until the present, except that modern music of a theatrical or popular class began in the Tang dynasty. They have, therefore, two classes of music: the ritual and the popular. The former is used in acts of worship in which the emperor takes part and holds a place of the highest importance in the government."

"Have you ever heard any Chinese music that was pleasing to your ear?" she asked.

"Shortly after I went to China," I replied. "I must confess that I sympathized with that person who described Chinese music as 'deliciously horrible, like cats trying to sing bass with sore throats.' But before I left China I never passed a shop at New Year's time where an orchestra was playing without stopping to

listen to the minor strains of some of their stringed instruments. Now, I may be prejudiced, for I am very fond of the Chinese, and am ever seeking to find their good qualities. But my friend, Mr. Van Aalst, who has studied Chinese music more than any other living European, says 'the ritual or sacred music is passably sweet, and generally of a minor character;' and we are told that 'Confucius was so ravished on hearing a piece composed by the great Shun, more than 2200 B. C., that he did not taste meat for three years.' On one occasion, in 1896, I was attending a meeting of the China Educational Association, when the Christian Endeavor Convention met in Shanghai. Among the musical selections given was one by a soloist accompanied by an orchestra of Chinese instruments consisting of a *sheng,* a flute, a clarionette, and a stringed instrument corresponding to our violin. I never saw an audience so moved by music. They listened to the first verse with rapture, the second verse with ecstasy, while during the third verse they could not control themselves, but all joined in with the singer with unbounded enthusiasm. During the fourth verse

all rose to their feet and sang with an abandon I have never witnessed in an audience; and when the song ended they clapped, stamped, waved their handkerchiefs, and almost went wild. Now, I want to add that this was a Christian hymn, composed by the Chinese to a Chinese tune, sung by a congregation of some five hundred young Chinese Christian Endeavorers. But the enthusiasm was refreshing."

"And what about their musical instruments? They are mostly very crude, are they not?" she inquired.

"The *sheng* is simple, crude, and ingenious," I answered. "But it was the introduction of the *sheng* into Europe, according to various writers, which led to the invention of the accordion and the harmonium. And it is also said that Kratzenstein, an organ builder of St. Petersburg, having become the possessor of a *sheng,* conceived the idea of applying the principle to organ stops. It is the most delicate of construction, and is the most delicate of tone, though many other instruments are much more universally employed, especially in the north. The banjo, the violin, the guitar, the harp, the flute, and the clarionette are the most commonly

used in the north of China. The *sheng* is common in and about Shanghai and the south. But all of them are very crude. The intervals of the scale are not tempered, and the notes sound false and discordant to our ears. There is no precision in the construction of the instruments, no exactness in the intonation; the melodies are very much in the same key, equally loud and unchangeable in movement, and naturally become wearisome and monotonous to an ear accustomed to the music of the West. Their melodies are never definitely major nor minor, but float between the two, and hence lack the vigor, the majesty, or the tender lamentations of our minor modes, or the charm resulting from the alternation of the two modes. Moreover, they have no satisfactory method of expressing time. In a single word, it is enough to say that their music is not scientifically constructed, and no more is their musical instruments, and hence can not please an ear that is offended by a lack of exactness. But now let me quote how a Chinese says their music affected him. He says it moved

"'Softly, as the murmur of whispered words; now loud and soft together, like the

patter of pearls and pearlets dropping in a marble dish; or liquid, like the warbling of the mango-bird in the bush; trickling like the streamlet in its downward course. And then, like the torrent, stilled by the grip of frost, so for a moment was the music lulled, in a passion too deep for words.' "

"It must be admitted," she said, "that that description would fit very well to that of a musical enthusiast in Italy or France. I do not know but their music affects them as ours does us."

"I think it does," I answered. "But you were asking about their musical instruments, and, indeed, I began telling you about their musical instruments as a result of hearing the thunder of the organ in the auditorium."

"Quite right," she replied.

"The contrast between their instruments and ours is very striking," I went on. "Theirs are crude, rough, hand-made, in small hovels rather than shops or factories. The strings on most, if not all their stringed instruments, are silk rather than gut, and none that I have ever seen are wrapped with wire. They have nothing that corresponds to our organ, piano, or

large pipe organ; indeed, our musical instruments of the largest kind, again, are by-products of the gospel in the intelligence that was necessary to make them, and of the Church in its demand for them. For, but for the Church, there is little, if any, reason to believe that the manufacture of musical instruments would ever have reached the condition it has."

"You seem to give the gospel credit for all our progress in music," said Madam Jommelli.

"I give the gospel credit for having developed the school that made possible the intelligence to make such musical instruments; and then I give the Church credit for having created the demand which led manufacturers to furnish the supply," I answered.

"And I think you are more than half right, Mr. Headland," she said, as she rose to go. "I have enjoyed very much this conversation. I have a better opinion of the Chinese, a larger view of the Church, and I like the gospel better than I ever did before. I shall read my New Testament with a different relish."

CHAPTER XIII

BY-PRODUCTS IN ART

I was invited recently to deliver a lecture on Chinese art before the Century Club of New York. I wish to say that I do not pose as either an artist nor an art critic; but I have made a collection of Chinese paintings and have made a sufficient study of European art to justify what I wish to say in this chapter. There were present that evening some of the most noted American authors, artists, and art critics, among whom I think I may mention Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. John La Farge, and Sir Caspar Purdon-Clarke.

After the lecture Mr. John La Farge, who, I believe, deserves to be ranked among America's most renowned artists, and who was specially interested in Oriental art, said to me:

"What do the Chinese regard as the underlying motive in the beginning of their art?"

"The desire to express their thoughts in pictorial form, I think," I replied.

"And what were their first studies?" he further inquired.

"Figures, so far as I have been able to learn," I replied.

"Then leaving figures, what did they seek to do next?" he asked.

"They began to make pictures of buildings and maps of conquered territory," I answered.

"Then, of course, they drifted off into landscapes by adding touches of scenery or flowers, and trees to their figures, I suppose," he suggested.

"Quite right," I replied.

"Now, in your study of Chinese art, did you discover what it was that gave the first great stimulus to their art, and about what time?" he inquired.

"Indeed I did," I replied; "it was the introduction of Buddhism, about 65 A. D."

"In what way?" he asked.

"From about 1100 B. C., when we find the first record of a painting, down to the time of our present era almost everything we come upon in their records are figures, paintings, and maps. About the beginning of our era there

were two great portrait galleries erected, in one of which were placed pictures representing all the great mythical as well as the great historic rulers of the past, and this was called the *Chou Kung Li Tien.* In the other were placed portraits of the twenty-eight great men who helped to establish the Han dynasty. This was called the *Yün T'ai* Hall. There is a record of still another gallery, the *Han Lu Ling Kuang Tien,* in which were painted all kinds of bogies from the mountain and monstrosities from the sea in colors which harmonized with what the artist thought the original ought to be. In order not to be behind the men in the preservation of portraits of her sex, the Empress Liang (125 A. D.) had painted for herself imaginary portraits of all the female worthies mentioned in the 'Records of Famous Women' (*Lieh Nü Chuan*), a noted book of the time, preserved until the present day. Though as early as 65 A. D. the Emperor Ming Ti, who introduced Buddhism into China, established the custom of having court painters, a custom which has continued until the present."

"Ah, indeed, I did not know that they kept court painters," he remarked.

"Oh, yes; the late empress dowager supported eighteen court painters," I answered.

"But, to return to the subject," he continued, "you were speaking of the introduction of Buddhism."

"The first six hundred years after Buddhism was introduced into China was a period of almost constant war. From 200 A. D. to 600 A. D., a period of four hundred years, there were ninety rulers sat upon the throne or thrones, as compared with thirty during the previous four centuries. But during this same period there were three religions striving for supremacy: Taoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism; and each was using everything that would contribute to its permanent establishment, either at court or in the hearts of the people. Nothing was more powerful than art, and so the Confucianists decorated their schools with portraits of their scholars, the Buddhists their temples with pictures of their divinities, and the Taoists their temples with pictures of their fairies and immortals, with an occasional genius stolen from the Confucianists or a god from the Buddhists. This decoration or frescoing of the temples—for it was all done on

the walls, fixed the attention of the people on pictorial representation, and thus the art of the Orient was developed in connection with its religion."

"The same is true of pictorial art in Europe," said Mr. La Farge.

"What do you mean?" I inquired; for while I thought I knew what he meant, I wanted to hear him say it.

"To the Greeks," said he, "I suppose we must give credit for having reached the highest proficiency in sculpture; but the first real stimulus to European pictorial art was given it when the Italians, the Spanish, the Dutch, the Flemish, and the Germans began to utilize it in the decoration of their churches. This is especially true of portraiture; for, as you know, even portrait painting had not attained to any degree of development until men and women began to pose as members of the Holy Family and other sacred personages for the altar pieces and other paintings and decorations in European churches. But for more than two centuries, from Cimabue and Giotto to Titian and Veronese, the great artists confined themselves almost entirely to sacred art in their frescoing

of the cathedrals and churches, and portrait painting as such was an outgrowth of this sacred art."

"The same is true of each of the European countries, in the development of its art, is it not?" I inquired.

"Yes," he answered. "Italian art dreamed of beauty, and in a measure it realized its dream, tinted with the colors of a Venetian sky and the glow of heaven in the heart of the artist. Flemish art was in love with truth, and it held its mirror up to nature—but nature to advantage dressed; for the glow of the spiritual also shone in all the Flemish art of the Renaissance. German art rarely achieved either truth or beauty; but it succeeded in rendering, with a fidelity that was often almost brutal, the virile character of the German people, both before and after the Reformation. But all art that was worthy of note was inspired by the religious zeal of the ages, and executed by men who were more or less true to the religious ideals of their time."

"What would you say were the studies most affected by the artists of those times?" I asked.

He thought for a moment, and then he answered:

"The Virgin and the Christ, where it was possible to decorate the churches in the Roman Catholic countries, portraiture, and then landscapes among the Protestant peoples. The art idea had caught the hearts of rulers and people alike, and in spite of the fact that they were not allowed to decorate their churches they cultivated their art. But their homes were small and dark, and their town halls and public buildings were decorated with portraits of sheriffs, burgomasters, surgeons, or groups of directors of charitable institutions, or scholars. But art among the Protestant peoples lost that touch of the spirituelle which was not counterbalanced by anything that it gained in strength or naturalness. And now, five hundred years afterward, the pictures most in demand are those that were inspired and executed by men filled with a religious zeal."

"And now," Mr. La Farge, "I want to ask you what you think of the comparative value of Oriental and Occidental art," I said.

"I am not sure that I know enough about Oriental art to give an intelligent opinion," he answered. "I am not sure that any Occidental does. There are interesting features about Ori-

ental art that are different from anything we have yet conceived of. Their brushwork is one. Their point of view is another. Their perspective is still another. Their materials—paper and silk instead of canvas—is another. But it seems to me they emphasize the grotesque, and they lose in a lack of naturalness. You have paid more attention to Oriental art than I have; what do you think?"

"I wanted your opinion as an artist," I insisted.

"My own opinion is that the Oriental has almost everything to learn from us, while there are but few—there are some—suggestions in his art for us that we have not already struck in the development of our own art. For instance, his colors are almost all pulverized minerals mixed with water and glue, the same as those used by the Italians of the early Renaissance. These we have long ago given up for oil and canvas, and thus far we have not had occasion to return to them. His paper and silk, with his method of mounting on scrolls, are convenient and economize space; but I doubt if they contribute to the preservation of the picture or enhance its richness or beauty as we can by our

frames. But, I repeat, you have paid more attention to Oriental art than I have. What is your own opinion of their comparative values?"

"My own opinion," I remarked, "I fear, is the result of the attitude at present assumed by the Oriental toward his own art. The natural disposition of the Yankee, as we dub the American, is to be the first to take anything new that will add to what he has. This is one reason why he is what he is. He is always on the lookout for new things that are good. On the other hand, the Oriental has always been a bit slow, except in the case of the Japanese, to learn from the Western Barbarian, as he has termed him. We find in this particular case, however, the tables turned. The Japanese, who was the first to learn about European art, has practically given up his own, which was originally Chinese art adopted and adapted to Japanese use, while the most noted Chinese artists of the present day, attracted by the naturalness of our birds, animals, and portraits, are adopting our methods instead of their own; while the late empress dowager, the greatest of Chinese rulers for a century past, left at least three of her own portraits, painted by Western artists—Miss Carl

and Mr. Vos—in the national gallery. Considering the indifference of the Oriental to Western things, his indisposition to change, and his slowness to appreciate the good in others; and considering the quickness of the Westerner to appreciate, at least, anything that will add to the commercial value of anything, I should say that Western art has every advantage over that of the Orient, else the Oriental would not have adopted it, and the Occidental would have adopted his."

"I think you are more than half right," said Mr. La Farge, as he bade me good-bye.

Now, this is the conclusion to which my conversation with this great American artist has led me: That the best art that the world has to-day, or that the world has ever known, has been inspired and executed by the man who has been developed by the gospel of Jesus Christ, and hence is a by-product of the gospel and of missions.

. . . . . .

The history of each individual is the history of all time. The little child with his rattle and his toys, his whistle, drum, and noise is the savage with all his destructive tendencies and

his indifference to everything but his own wishes. The little boy with his blocks builds his pyramids, his Assyrian and Babylonian palaces, his stonehenge or his Sphinx, his Parthenon or his Acropolis. He is a builder and passes through the building age of the world's civilization—that age which gave to the Chinese a wall stretching fifteen hundred miles from the sea and winding like a great dragon from mountain top to mountain top, far up into the desert. Coarse and rough, gigantic and magnificent, almost sublime in its bigness, but not beautiful. Then comes the dark age, when his sleeves and trousers are too short, and her legs and tongue are too long; when they organize crusades, and shoot and scalp, and go to Sunday school, and talk religion and philosophy, and doubt and dispute. Then comes the Renaissance, when he begins to brush, and she begins to primp, and the flowers begin to bloom, and his imagination paints pictures in every field and forest, glade and glen; when he sees "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." And again he builds; but what he builds depends upon the advantages and the stimulus he has had. The Mohammedan builds

mosques, the Buddhist builds temples, the Christian builds cathedrals and churches. But what a striking difference in the results! These little savages have been studying in different schools, they have been living in different worlds. Those put paper windows in their temples, that are blown off with every passing wind, and the floor of the temple is covered with dust.

They are but dimly lit during the day, for the light of heaven with difficulty penetrates the paper pasted upon the lattice work. They are more dimly lit at night, for a tallow taper or a pith floating in a bowl of oil is the only light their intelligence has ever devised. Their idols grin at them from the shadows of every corner, and the bat flitting from rafter to rafter scatters dust and dirt upon them as they bow before their gods. Ragged priests, upon whose faces are carved the lines of ignorance and avarice, stretch out soiled hands for the more filthy lucre their nation has provided for them to give.

Now turn to these who have built cathedrals and churches. Words fail to picture their magnificence. Their walls and ceilings are decorated with angels, in colors that rival a sunset

or a rainbow. Their floors are covered with velvet rugs of silk and wool that deaden every footfall. Their carvings and their statues rival in their perfection the work of their Creator, and their windows, each a work of art in itself, softens the light of the noonday sun and sheds a halo about the bowed heads of the worshipers as they kneel before their God. Their priests are clad in robes of silk and satin such as become the servants of the God they worship. And the architecture and the cathedral and the painting and the sculpture and the carpet and the windows, yea, and the priest and his robes are products or by-products of the gospel of the God they serve.

It is only when we thus consider the difference in the details of the civilization of the East and the West, and see how far they are behind us in every respect of national, social, religious, scientific, and individual progress, and then try to account for these differences on some racial hypothesis, that we see how impossible it is. We only need to go back twenty centuries in history to find the nations that are now lagging behind, leading the race; and the nations, or peoples—for they were then only savage tribes,

and they did not then deserve to be called nations—are now so far in advance in their knowledge of the laws and powers of nature, their ability to acquire wealth; that is, to transform the crude stuffs of nature into things of beauty and usefulness, and provide sanitary conditions, comfort, and better facilities in every respect for living one's life. Let me illustrate:

Twenty years ago, when I arrived in Peking, it was the custom of the city authorities to clean the city sewers in the springtime. These sewers were great underground waterways, which received not only the washings from the streets, but from the stables, the homes, the kitchens, and the closets; and because the city was so level and without a water system, and as there was but little rain except during the months of July, August, and September, there was no way of flushing the sewers. Everything that washed into them from September till April or May remained there, decayed, and formed a stench that words fail to describe. One of the main sewers passed through our mission compound, opening into the canal just outside of the back gate of the mission and the front gate of the Peking University; and as we were constantly

passing from one to the other we had occasion to notice it more, perhaps, than others would, though every one who lived in Peking in those days will confirm what I am now writing.

During the months of March, April, or May, about the time when every one is having spring fever, the city authorities ordered the sewers cleaned; and for days men with shovels and pails would go down into the sewers, shovel up or ladle up this decayed filth, and pile it up on the sidewalk, where it was left for days or weeks to dry. The streets at that time were all dirt roads. Much of this that had washed into the sewer had washed off the street; it was therefore used, as soon as it was sufficiently dry, to build up the street again. That, in a single season, would have a tendency to destroy the sanitary conditions of the city. But when we remember that this same process has been gone through every spring for more than a thousand years, we will understand that most of the surface soil, which is mud and steam in the hot, rainy months of July and August, and blows about as dust during at least eight months of the other ten, is not conducive to good sanitary conditions.

But this is not all. I have referred to the fact that Peking was without a water system with which to flush her sewers. Her only water system was a well, a wheel-barrow, or a mule-cart, and a man. These wells were sunk down through this surface-soil that was saturated with the filth of a dozen centuries, walled up with blocks of stone in such a loose way as not to prevent the surface-water running in; and while the deeper ones, from which the water was used constantly, obtained most of their water from a deep subsoil, the water in all of them was "bitter," and this only because of the filth that leaked in from the top; so that the people not only breathed filth in the air, but they drank filth in the water.

The Chinese are very fond of fruit, of which they eat large quantities. They are also fond of melons and cucumbers, most of which they eat skins, seeds, and all. All the stores—fruit, dried fruit, grocery, and others—are open to the street. They are without doors or windows in front, in lieu of which they have movable boards, which are taken down during the day. Many of the fruit and melon venders spread their wares out on movable tables on the street,

or carry them about on small platforms or tubs swung on the ends of a pole, cut in slices ready for sale, like the watermelons sold by the Italians and others in our great cities. North China is noted for its dust storms, especially during the autumn, winter, and spring. The dust blows in clouds, settles upon the slices of melons and the cucumbers, clings to the fuzz of the peach and the apricot, and is eaten by the hungry and poorly-fed people because in the autumn fruit is cheaper than bread; and so they not only breathe and drink filth, but they eat it as well.

Again, the homes of most of the Chinese—not only in the great cities, but in the country as well—are hovels rather than houses. They are built of mud or brick, thatched with straw or corn-stalks, or covered with tiles. Seldom do they have ceilings, while the floors are of clay or very porous brick. One-half of the floor is built up a foot and a half above the other half, and this constitutes the bed. It is built of brick, with a network of flues. Under the front is a small fireplace, over which is a pot in which they do much of their cooking. They build their fire under the bed; their fuel being

weeds, cornstalks, old floor-mats, or anything that will burn. The smoke, soot, gas, dirt—all go up under the bed, cooking the food, heating the bricks, and then coming out into the room and covering the walls and rafters with soot. The people spit upon the floor; it sinks into the porous bricks; they wash their hands and face and their dishes, and then sprinkle the floor with the water, and various other fluids and filth find their way into the brick floors. Their windows are paper, which becomes torn, and the dust blows in; pigs and chickens also share with the family the protection of the home. Indeed, the word for home is a *pig* under a *roof*. From what we have said it will be seen that the people—the great mass of the people—breathe, drink, eat, and live among filth, and the wonder of the ages is that there are four hundred millions of Chinese to-day, and the only way it can be accounted for, I think, is because they live so much out of doors.

Now let us grant that there is much in our own great cities that is not ideal; that you can duplicate all that I have said about China by similar conditions at home; it still remains a fact that in China it is the rule—the govern-

ment; while here it is the exception and in spite of the government, and usually only among those of the first generation in America. It is possible here to have pure air, pure water, pure food, and their dirt must be within their own doors; for as soon as their feet touch the brick or cement sidewalk they touch cleanliness, which in a generation at least banishes dirt from the home.

But the most serious result of this dirt is not its influence upon the individual, but its influence upon the public and upon the world. Every few years there breaks out in these great filthy Oriental cities a plague which strikes terror to the hearts not only of the people among whom it starts, but in the hearts of those also at the remotest ends of the earth. Cholera, bubonic and pneumonic plague, dengue, beriberi, and others. Do we ever ask ourselves why all these plagues take their rise in Asia? And do we try to answer that why? One word tells the tale. It is dirt. Nay, a better word is filth; for dirt does not express the filthiness of Asiatic dirt. It can not be expressed in the English language; for the English language, since it has been a language, has never lived long among

such *Tsang*. That is the word that expresses it —*Tsang*.

There is but one remedy for this dirt, and that remedy is the gospel. Wherever the gospel has gone, cleanliness has gone, and up to the present the world has never produced a clean city where the influences of the gospel have not gone. If I did not believe in foreign missions for any religious reasons, I would believe in and support them for the sanitary influence they have had upon the world. A member of a great bathtub manufacturing firm told me at the Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh recently that since the missionaries have gone to China they are shipping thousands of bathtubs to that great empire.

When any one of these plagues, such as cholera, strikes a city or a village the people are in terror. The same is true of the people in India as in China. At six o'clock all are well. At seven a father comes out with terror written on his face and announces:

"My son is dead."

"What disease?" some one asks.

"That disease," he replies, afraid to say the word "cholera;" or, if he be a Hindoo, he

answers, "The disease of the wind," for they think the wind brings it.

In a few moments some one announces another death in another part of the city, and by nightfall there may be a hundred people fall victims to the scourge.

In a village near Pei-tai-ho, our summer resort of North China, the cholera appeared. The people worshiped their gods. They, as a final resort, celebrated the New Year's festival in August, to try to deceive the cholera god and persuade him that he had struck the wrong time of the year. They did everything but clean the wells and clean up the village. The cholera god was not deceived. They finally decided to escort the god over to our foreign settlement. This they did during the night. An English gentleman who had come from Tangshan ill a day or two before died the next morning; the cholera had had its run in the village, and they persuaded themselves that, having gotten a foreign victim, he was satisfied.

In the spring of 1897 two members of the senior class of the Peking University, at the close of the summer term, went to spend their vacation preaching at a church up outside the

Great Wall. They passed the summer quietly and pleasantly, and with renewed health and vigor at the beginning of September started back to Peking. They walked most of the way, and when they reached the city gate were tired and hungry. Not having heard any rumors of plague in the city, they purchased some peaches from a fruit-vender inside the city gate. These they ate, at once fell ill, and one of them died that night, and the other the following morning.

I repeat here that the health of the world depends upon the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ. If any one is disposed to question this and say that it is simply the progress of civilization, I ask, Why is it that civilization—the civilization of cleanliness—has gone only with the gospel, or where the gospel has gone? and it remains for them to answer the question on some other hypothesis.

CHAPTER XIV

BY-PRODUCTS IN REFLEX INFLUENCE

One evening I was going on the trolley from Bramford, Conn., where I had been giving a lecture, to New Haven, where I expected to take the midnight train for Albany.

On the same car with me was a man with abdominal capacity sufficient for a brace of aldermen. We were soon engaged in conversation, and it was not long until he wanted to know where I had been.

"I have just come from Bramford," I informed him.

"In business?" he said, interrogatively.

"No; I was giving a lecture," I answered.

"What subject?" he asked.

"China," I replied.

"Been to China?" he again said, with a rising inflection.

"Yes; I have been there sixteen years," I informed him.

"Gee! how could you live among the Chinks that length of time?" he exclaimed.

"Teaching," I replied.

"Government school?" again interrogatively.

"Methodist school," said I, indicatively.

"What, missionary?" again with surprise.

"Sort of," I replied.

"Well, you know I think a man is wasting his time going over there to convert those heathen," he volunteered.

"Ah, indeed! You converted?" I asked.

"Not much," he answered.

"What business?" I inquired.

"Liquor," he replied.

"Saloon?" interrogatively.

"Yes," sheepishly.

"Well, you know I think a man is wasting his time trying to make paupers and heathen out of American boys," I said.

He did not answer for awhile; then: "Do you think all those Chinese will be lost if they do not become Christians?"

"I hope not," I replied.

"Well, if they can be saved without being Christians, what is the use of spending so much money going over to convert them?" he inquired, as though he had me cornered.

"How much do you spend annually to get them converted?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied; "but that is dodging the question."

"You can go from Boston to New York by way of Buffalo, can't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "but it is a long way around."

"You can go from Bramford to New Haven by road wagon, too; can't you?"

"Yes; but it is not very comfortable," he answered.

"A bit slow, too; is n't it?" I volunteered.

"Sure," he replied.

"Why do you spend so much money building railroads and trolley lines instead of going by road wagon?" I asked.

"More comfortable, more direct, quicker, and more sure," he replied.

"That is what Christianity is as compared with any other religion?" I suggested.

"But they do not want your religion," he objected.

"On the same principle, Jesus Christ ought not to have come to the world. The world did not want Him. It had no place for Him—no

decent place for Him to be born, no house for Him to live in, no pillow for His head, and only a cross on which to die. He did not wait till the world wanted Him. He came because the world needed Him."

"Well, you know," he said, "I think the Church is losing its hold on the big men even here in America."

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"I think so," he added. "At least most of the men I know do not go to church."

"Did they ever go?" I asked.

"Not much, I suppose," he answered.

"Then the Church never had any hold on them to lose; did it?" I inquired.

"Well, perhaps not," he answered; "but do you think that the biggest, wealthiest, and most influential men in America take much interest in Church work?"

"I have just been attending a number of laymen's missionary conventions," I replied. "At a missionary dinner given for men in Detroit we had twelve hundred men present. Then we went to Syracuse, N. Y., where we had fourteen hundred men at a similar dinner. At Schenectady we had twelve hundred. At the

Astoria Hotel in New York we had eighteen hundred of the most influential men in New York at a three-dollar dinner on the night of the worst blizzard I have ever been out in."

"That 's all right," he answered; "but were those among the most influential men in New York?" he asked.

"That is a pretty hard question to answer in so many words," I admitted. "But you think Christianity is losing its hold on America, do you?" I asked.

"On the big men, yes," he replied.

"The men control the sentiment of the Nation; do they not?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"The ordinary men or the influential men?" I continued.

"The influential men, of course," he answered.

"Do you know about how many people there are in the United States at present?" I inquired.

"About ninety million," he replied.

"And how many of those are Christians?" I continued.

"You 've got me now," he answered.

"There are about thirty-three millions," I explained.

"Yes; but most of those are women and children," he objected. "Those are not all men."

"Quite right," I admitted. "But that thirty-three millions, most of them women and children, control the sentiment of the United States and make it a Christian country."

He opened his mouth as if to speak. Then he dropped his head as if to think. Just then the car began to slow up and the conductor called out:

"Change for the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Depot," and I got up to leave for the train. My saloon-keeper friend offered me his hand, and as I took it he said,

"Well, old man, I did n't believe much in missions, but you know your job all right;" and I took the compliment as a confession on his part that his argument had been answered.

As I boarded the train at New Haven there were a score or more of gentlemen in dinner-suits who got on with me. I noticed them; but as I entered the train I was thinking of what he had said: that the Church is losing its hold upon the men.

I had not had time to change my dress-coat after the lecture, and as I took off my overcoat and laid it down, one of the gentlemen sat down beside me.

"Well," said he, "it was a big dinner."

"What dinner?" I asked.

"Were n't you at the dinner?" he inquired, looking at my coat, without answering my question.

"No; I have been giving a lecture up at Bramford," I explained. "What dinner do you refer to?"

"The dinner given to President Taft," he answered.

"Where?" I inquired.

"Here at New Haven—at Yale," he explained. "Did n't you know about it?"

"No; I just came down from Albany this evening." I answered, trying to justify my ignorance of such an event.

"Well, it was a big dinner," he went on. "There were a lot of men there."

"How many?" I inquired, with as much interest as I could summon.

"Eleven hundred!" he answered, and looked at me as though he expected me to be astonished.

I was not a particle surprised. I said to myself: "Twelve hundred at Detroit, fourteen hundred at Syracuse, twelve hundred at Schenectady, where they have scarcely any students in college to draw from, and no Bob Taft, son of the President, as they have at Yale, and eighteen hundred at a three-dollar dinner in an awful blizzard"—it all ran through my mind in less time than I can write it; and all these at laymen's missionary dinners—and I looked at him calmly and asked,

"Could any one go that wanted to?"

"Could if he had a ticket," he replied.

"College students and all?" I continued.

"Certainly," he answered.

"And men from all the surrounding country?" I went on.

"We are all from out of town?" he answered, by way of explanation.

"Yes, a good big dinner," I admitted, remembering that comparisons are always odious to the fellow on whom they reflect. But I could not forget our laymen's dinners, nor could I help silently rejoicing that the Master draws better than the President. Not for a moment did my thoughts reflect upon the President.

No one would rejoice more than I at the popularity of the man who is using all his influence to bring about among the governments the peace the Master taught. But I went to sleep that night with a glad heart.

The next morning, when I boarded the train at Albany to go up to Saratoga Springs, my friend Fred B. Fisher, of Boston, came and sat down beside me.

"Well, Headland, we had a big time in Boston last night," was his first remark.

"What was it?" I asked.

"A dinner given to Chapman and Alexander," he replied.

"The revivalists?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Ah! Is old Unitarian Boston giving dinners to revivalists in these days?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; we had a big time," he repeated.

"How many were present?" I asked.

"Four thousand people," he replied.

"What! Four thousand people to meet two revivalists!" I exclaimed. "Why, they only had eleven hundred last night at a dinner in honor of President Taft at Yale."

"Oh, well," exclaimed Fisher, "Taft may

be President of the United States, but Jesus Christ is King!" And I could not but wish that my saloon friend of the trolley car and every one else who thinks that the gospel is losing its hold upon the men could have heard Fisher's bass voice ring out the words above the roar of the railroad train, "*Jesus Christ is King!*"

I then began to reflect upon some of the incidents which happened during our laymen's campaign which were themselves by-products of missions in their reflex influence upon the home Church or Churches. It is a well-known fact that missions, or the call of the world, is about the only subject upon which all the Churches can unite. But call a general missionary rally, and every Church—Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Lutheran, Christian, Methodist, and Episcopalian—are all ready to join forces.

At the Syracuse convention all the denominations were represented, and all joined in with an equal zeal. Among those who were present there were two young Episcopalian rectors. They were both enthusiastic. With beaming face one of them said to me,

"What a pity we were ever divided!"

And as I looked at his black cloth, clean white linen, and sparkling eyes, I could not but echo,

"What a pity!" And as I gazed at them I continued: "Here we are all together. You Episcopalians are the cream, and we Methodist Episcopalians are the milk. The cream is a good deal richer than the milk, but there is a good deal more milk than there is cream—what a pity we were ever skimmed!"

Is n't it a misfortune that we are not all going as one great moral and spiritual army, knee to knee and shoulder to shoulder, with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith fighting the devil and the dark, non-Christian world in the interests of truth and the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, instead of focusing our minds on our own little denominational differences?

What would you think of a lot of neighboring farmers who, when their fields were ripe unto the harvest, instead of gathering in the golden grain, sat about discussing their boundary lines, while the rich harvest rotted on the stalks? When we come home from the mission fields, where we have divided up our territory

and united our educational forces, and find a half dozen little Churches in a village where there ought to be only one, or at most two, and as many half-supported pastors discussing their denominational differences, it often seems to us that, while the rich harvest of the world is waiting for reapers, we at home are going about, wasting much of our time tinkering our line fences.

I have no disposition to complain of our Protestant Churches. But think, if you can, from the names of our Protestant Churches, of a single one that is built upon any great saving principle or doctrine. Presbyterian—a Church where presbyters or elders have an important influence in the government, but whose doctrines of salvation are practically the same as those of the Congregationalist, who "wants to be his own pope, his own priest, his own bishop, his own presiding elder, his own preacher, and his own boss." Or like that of the Baptist, which is built upon one single rite, which the greatest of the apostles would not administer, but left to some less important functionary. Episcopalian—a Church governed by a bishop. Methodist Episcopalian — a Church whose

founder was never anything but an Episcopalian on fire with an evangelistic spirit; and so on to the end. Any two of these Churches could be trusted with the spiritual interests of any village of two or three thousand people.

Another interesting incident in the laymen's campaign was at Dayton, Ohio. I expected a good big meeting, but was hardly prepared for what I found. I knew that Dayton was a city of less than a hundred thousand people, and I hoped that there might be a thousand at the dinner. When I arrived I went to the Young Men's Christian Association secretary and asked,

"How many tickets have you sold for the dinner?"

"Sixteen hundred and twenty," he answered, "and then we had to stop because the chickens refused to enter the ministry."

That was an old chestnut that I had heard before; but then it struck me that this was not a ministerial meeting, and the chickens had no reason to object on that score; and so I said,

"Why did n't you persuade the chickens that it was a *lay* movement, and they would have given their necks to be in it?"

But there was no occasion for having more present, for the largest church in the city was far too small to hold the people who crowded to the meetings.

At the close of the meeting in St. Louis, Mr. Campbell White asked that any of the men who wanted to do something worth while should meet him in the church parlors. There were about twenty-five or thirty men present—certainly among the most influential men of the city. Mr. White told them he wanted to establish a

FOUR-SQUARE LEAGUE,

the principal features of the constitution of which were that each person who joined it would pledge himself to give into four figures, one thousand dollars per year or more, to foreign missions, to get three others to join him, to quadruple his own gifts to missions, and to quadruple the gifts of his Church.

Hardly had Mr. White finished reading this constitution when a man in the rear of the audience arose and said:

"Mr. White, I have been thinking of something of this kind, though I did not have the genius to express it. I want you to put my name down as the first member of this league."

Three others asked that Mr. White would put their names down. Then a gentleman sitting in the front row said in a quiet way,

"Mr. White, put my name down." He was a friend of Mr. White, who in surprise said:

"Why, that is more than you have been giving for missions, is it not?"

"I never gave a thousand cents before," he answered.

Another gentleman arose and said:

"Mr. White, I do not feel able to give a thousand dollars, but I would like to give five hundred dollars, and I would like to organize our whole Church, getting each person to give $500, $250, $100, $50, or $25, and have them all members of this league."

"No, no;" they said, "let us keep it four-square, not allowing any one to become a member unless he gives into four figures."

"All right," he said; "put my name down."

Two others, without rising from their chairs, said, "Put my name down."

Then a gentleman to the left rose quietly and said:

"When I was a boy my father got me a position in a bank at ten dollars a week. My father left me the heritage of a good name. I

now happen to be president of the Bank of Commerce. Put my name down."

The men said to me afterward, "You do not know what it means when E——, the president of the Bank of Commerce, talks like that among this group of men."

They continued to join until there were nine members out of that group of twenty-five or thirty men.

E—— arose quietly and said: "We ought to have ten men out of this bunch. I have a boy. He is only fifteen, but he will grow. Put his name down."

The next day these ten men had a luncheon together, and this same man brought the names of his two brothers, I was told, and offered them as members. Is the Church losing its hold upon the influential men?

In arranging the seventy-five cities in which they proposed to hold conventions, no attention was given to Grand Junction, Colo., a little town on the west slope of the Rockies, half way between Denver and Salt Lake City. Now, Grand Junction is an enterprising place. A place where the men drain the mountain streams into their orchards and raise apples by the car-

load; where they put oil-stoves out if they fear a frost, and refuse to allow nature to nip their buds.

When the people of Grand Junction heard that there were to be seventy-five great laymen's conventions held in as many cities across the continent, in their own words, they "got busy." They wrote Mr. White,

"We want a convention."

Mr. White wrote back:

"We have arranged for all the conventions we can furnish speakers for. It will be impossible to give you one."

They wrote back:

"We are going to have a convention. We will arrange for it, and you stop off three or four speakers on their way from Denver to Salt Lake City."

It was done. I was one of the speakers. The town only had some two thousand people at that time; but when we arrived at the hall there were present at the dinner five hundred men and one woman.

"How is this," I asked, as I sat down at the table, "you have a woman present at this laymen's dinner?"

"Well," they explained, "this woman rode one whole day on horseback and another whole day in a stage to get here. When she arrived we said to her:

" 'This is not a meeting for women. This is for men only.'

" 'Do n't you worry,' she replied, 'when this meeting opens I 'll be there.' "

And she was there. She was introduced to that body of five hundred men, and she sat in the front row in the gallery at every meeting, taking notes, that she might go back and arouse an interest in all the members of her Church in the great work of missions throughout the world.

CHAPTER XV

THE GOSPEL AND THE WORLD'S PEACE

I LIKE to discuss world-problems with men who know, or with men who ought to know. For instance, I should like to have discussed war with a man like Napoleon. He was such a bloody brute. Not a great man, but a great butcher. He knew how to win a battle. Just decide to win at all hazards, then keep out of danger yourself, and have no concern how many lives you sacrifice. He thought, as a great many people think, that "Providence is on the side of the heavy artillery." Now, it is a fact that, other things being equal, the side that has the heavy artillery is the most likely to win. But the fact that I win in one particular battle is no evidence that Providence is on my side; nor is the fact that you lose any evidence that Providence is against you. The danger with most of us is in our interpretation of Providence. We too often take it that Providence is with us when we succeed, and against us when we fail.

To have discussed war with Washington would have been a very different matter. He had a different view of life. His views of success were unlike those of Napoleon, and his opinion of Providence was not that of a disinterested being who was on the side of the heavy artillery, regardless of the justice of the cause.

I was invited to give a talk to the Twentieth Century Club recently in Boston. After the luncheon I had a talk with Nathan Haskell Dole, a prominent literary man of New England. During the conversation I said,

"I fancy that the great battles of the future will most likely be fought at sea."

"I doubt if there will be any great battles of the future," he remarked.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"In my judgment," he returned, "within the next ten years we will have all our international difficulties settled by arbitration."

"I wish I could be as sanguine," I said. "But come to think of it, war is only international fisticuffing. If any of us members of this club had any differences we would settle them neither with our fists nor with arms. We would talk the matter over and settle them by mutual

concession and agreement. In this age, in private life, it is only the uncultured, uneducated bum who is ready to shed his coat and go in to settle his private differences with his fists."

"Do you think so?" he said.

"I am sure of it," I answered. "Nationally the world is not quite up to its individual culture. Twenty years ago such prize-fighters as were popular in America could find a place almost anywhere to fight. Now it is practically impossible to find a place in the civilized world where the law will allow them to make a ring."

"You mean in the Christian world," he said.

"It is all the same," I answered. "I consider that one of the greatest triumphs of our age—to have stopped prize-fighting—and one of the greatest steps toward international peace."

"And you say you think that nationally we are not quite up to our sentiment individually?" he continued.

"Certainly," I answered. "The world cared nothing for Japan until she knocked out China and Russia, and then we began to regard her as a first-class power. I felt like regarding

her as a first-class bully, and for some time, I confess, I looked upon Japan as being in the John L. Sullivan state of national existence—a national fisticuffer—and it remains to be proven whether she is or not. Both in the case of China and Russia she seemed to be spoiling for a fight. But that was not what I was about to say. At the present time the world has decided against individual fisticuffing, and there are good prospects of its deciding against international fisticuffing as well. And why not? The nation is only a combination of individuals; and there is no reason why we should not soon rise as high in National as in individual sentiment. The prospects are that within the next ten years we will."

"But do you think all the nations are up to this high standard?" he asked.

"All but two," I answered.

"And which two are those?" he inquired.

"I do not care to name them," I replied; "but it would not require much guessing to discover which two rulers and peoples are the ones who seem to be most spoiling for a fight."

"Then you think that there are better methods of settling international difficulties than by

fighting, and that these methods are practical?" he said.

"Certainly," I answered. "That is a perfectly sane idea of Jesus Christ when He said, 'If he strike you on the right cheek, turn the other.' "

"How?" he asked.

"Two dogs can't fight if one won't fight," I answered.

"Quite right," he replied; "but it leaves the one looking awfully like a coward."

"To those who are looking for cowards," I replied. "But it is better for both yourself and posterity to go off with a whole head and propagate yourself, than to be chewed up and maimed."

"But the other fellow goes and propagates himself too," he urged.

"Quite right," I replied; "but he that taketh up the sword shall perish with the sword."

"Yes; but do you believe that?" he answered.

"Nothing more true in history," I replied. "It does not mean that the man who takes up the sword will not conquer his opponent at that particular time; but the man who takes up the

sword often enough will ultimately perish with the sword. All history testifies to that fact. Of the ancient peoples who started out together only two remain—the Chinese and the Jew. They loved peace. They never fought except on strong provocation. The Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Medians, Persians, Egyptians, the Macedonians, even the Greeks and Romans who took up the sword perished with the sword, while the Chinese and the Jew have gone calmly on."

"It does look as though a long perspective is in favor of peace," he remarked; "but the Jew is a man without a country."

"But he lives. He has not perished. He loved peace, and he has been preserved. He rejected Jesus Christ, and he has been a man without a country ever since," I remarked.

"But do you believe that the rejection of Jesus Christ has left him as a man without a country?" he asked.

"The man with the best type of religion is the man who rules the world," I said, without answering his question.

"Another thing," I continued. "He that taketh up the dreadnaught shall perish with the

dreadnaught. There is nothing more sane than this. It has always been true that *he who fights long enough will always find some one who can fight better than he can;* and then it is all up with him. Even Jim Jeffries will find his Jack Johnson. He who knocks somebody down will always find somebody or his sympathizers to knock him down; but he who helps somebody up will always find somebody who is anxious to help him up higher."

"It sounds very sane to hear you talk that way," he remarked. "I had never thought of it in that light before, and I confess that it does seem that the only safe thing for permanent preservation is permanent peace. Then you would not be in favor of the Chinese arming themselves to try to withstand the powers of Europe," he remarked.

"If I were the adviser to the Chinese Government," I replied, "I would urge them never to build a navy and never to equip an army. I would say to the European Powers: 'You pretend to believe in Christianity, and you pretend to believe in peace. You want me to conduct a great educational, social, and business reform. To do this will require a vast outlay,

and I will not have either the time or the funds to carry on such an internal reform and at the same time prepare to resist the incursions of those who have been studying warlike methods for centuries. I will conduct my internal reform, and I will trust your principles of justice and fair play to see that I am protected while doing it.'"

"But, would that be safe?" he asked.

"The only way to find out whether it was safe," I replied, "would be to test it. It would be right, and it is almost always safe to do right; is it not?" I asked, with a smile. "Besides, the Chinese are not a warlike people."

"That is contrary to the general opinion about the Chinese; is it not?" he asked. "They are usually supposed to be a yellow peril."

"Only by those who do not know," I replied. "Those who understand the Chinese character and the history of the people know that they have never fought a great battle during their whole history. They do not believe in fighting, in war, nor in soldiers. Twenty years ago they did not even have police on their streets. Every man was a policeman. If two men got into a scrap, the crowd would gather around, several

men would get hold of the two who were fighting—if pulling hair and scratching can be called fighting; for the Chinese never learned the *beastly* art of self-defense—and they would pull them apart, lead them in opposite directions, allowing them to revile each other, their friends, relatives, and ancestors, until their anger was exhausted or their spite satisfied, and then send each in his own direction. In dividing up the people they say:

"The highest-grade man is the *scholar*,
"The second-grade man is the *farmer*
(he is a producer),
"The third-grade man is the *laborer*
(he is also a producer),
"The fourth-grade man is the *merchant*
(he is only an exchanger),
"The fifth-grade man is the *soldier*
(he is a destroyer);

and they say, '*Hao jen pu tang ping*'—'A good man will not be a soldier.' They also say, '*Jen tang ping shih ju tieh ta ting*'—'A man made into a soldier is like a piece of iron made into a nail;' it is the last thing you can make of him. Now, a people who crystallize their sentiments about the soldier into such statements as that

will never, in my judgment, be a peril, except in the arts of peace."

"You say the Chinese have never been a fighting people; but did not the Mongols overrun Europe?" he asked.

"Yes, the Mongols; but not the Chinese. It took the Mongols one hundred years to conquer the Chinese by the arts of war. The Chinese then set to work to conquer them by the arts of peace. They quietly began to eat and digest them, and in eighty years' time there was no Mongol language at court, no Mongol literature, no Mongol society, and the descendants of the Great Khan, whom Marco Polo wrote about in such glowing terms, were a race of emasculated rulers whom the Chinese vomited back on their Mongol plains and deserts, a better educated, a more civilized, but a less warlike people.

"The same is true of the Manchus. It took the Manchus more than a hundred years to conquer the Chinese, and indeed there is no more thrilling chapter in all history than the conquest of the Chinese by their present rulers; nor is there any greater evidence of the Chinese being anything but a warlike people than that same episode. It is as follows:

"'Two Manchu tribes were engaged in a dispute which continued through so many years that the Ming Emperor decided that it should cease. He therefore took sides with one tribe and settled the dispute. The son of the chief against whom the emperor decided—then a mere boy—said to himself, "I will punish that Ming Emperor when I become a man." When he reached the years of maturity, at the head of his tribe, with one hundred and fifty men, he conquered his father's adversary. He then went from one tribe to another until all Manchuria was under his leadership. Then he undertook to conquer Mongolia, and it was not long until he had an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men at his back. He then started for the Ming dynasty; but the great wall kept him out, and it was not until he and his son had passed away that his grandson was placed upon the throne.

"'The dynasty against which he fought was the Ming—purely Chinese—and one can hardly imagine a great, warlike people, a people who are likely to be a yellow peril with a sword, to have allowed themselves to have been conquered in that way and to have had forced upon

them the world-despised queue; for the queue is a Manchu, and not a Chinese, appendage. They were conquered by the sword; but again by the arts of peace they set about conquering their conquerors. They gave them the Chinese language, so that the Manchu language in China is practically a thing of the past. They gave them Chinese literature. They made them promise never to interfere with the Chinese social customs, and especially the habits of the women. And at the present time, in the history of the nations and of the world, who ever thinks of considering the Manchus? People sometimes speak of the Manchus ruling China, and that is about all the world knows of them. The Manchus are more civilized, more learned, more artistic, more cultured, more refined than they were when they conquered their conquerors; it is only fair to say they are now conquered by the arts of peace, and are themselves so emasculated as a dynasty of rulers that only one child has been born to the last three emperors—none to the last two—and a woman has held the reigns of government for the past forty-seven years. And it may be interesting to give a chapter on her life; for no greater woman ap-

peared in the world during the nineteenth century than Tzu Hsi—the great empress dowager of China.

" 'The peace of the world, when it comes—and it is far on the way—will be a by-product of the gospel and of missions.' "

CHAPTER XVI

SOME BY-PRODUCTS IN INDIVIDUAL GOVERNMENT

In 1894 the Christian women from England and America and the Christian women of China decided to give a present to the late empress dowager on her sixtieth birthday. After thinking of various things, they decided to give her a New Testament. Now, in order to appreciate the importance of this gift it will be necessary to know something of the early history of this great woman.

The empress dowager was born in a little home in Peking, of poor but well-connected parentage, about the year 1834. At sixteen years of age she was taken into the palace and made the concubine of the Emperor Hsien Feng, a position that no Manchu family would choose for their daughter; for of the hundreds of girls that enter the palace in this capacity scarcely any of them are ever heard of again.

Unlike most of the concubines, however, this

girl began to study, taught by the eunuchs; and she continued at her books until she could read the classical language as well as many of the officials, and wield her brush in writing the ideographs so well that the character for "long life" or "happiness" written by her hand and presented to an official is preserved as an heirloom in his family. She then devoted herself to pictorial art, and her name will go down in history and appear in the art-encyclopedias with the name of all the great artists of her dynasty.

Her devotion to her studies, her politeness to her superiors, and her general character and conduct led her to be selected from the hundreds of her associates as the "first concubine." The empress was the second wife of the emperor—his first wife having died. She was not a strong character; she was childless, and the first concubine having given birth to a son was raised to the position of wife and soon began to take a leading place in her husband's favor as well as in the influence of the court.

Her husband died when her son was three years old, and in spite of much opposition on the part of certain of the princes she contrived to have her son placed upon the throne and her-

self made regent during his minority, which gave her fifteen years of rule over all China. During these years she was busy also with other matters. She contrived to have her younger sister married to the younger brother of the emperor, her husband, that in this way she might provide an heir for the throne from her own family in case of the death of her son.

Her son died just as he reached his majority, and on the night of his death she had her sister's oldest son, a lad of three years, brought into the palace; and the next morning, when she announced the death of her son she proclaimed her nephew as his successor, with herself as regent again during his minority. This gave her another tenure of fifteen years or more as ruler over all China. And when she was about to die she had her grand-nephew, this same sister's grandson, brought into the palace and saw to it that he was established upon the throne before she took her departure. We have, therefore, in the empress dowager the spectacle of a little girl, born in a humble home, becoming the concubine of an emperor, the wife of an emperor, the mother of an emperor, the maker of two emperors, the regent for two emperors, and

the ruler of all China for the space of forty-seven years in a country where women are supposed to have no power. Discover, if you can, another woman who lived during the nineteenth century with such an extraordinary career!

It was this woman to whom the Christian women from England and America and the Christian women of China decided to give a birthday present on the event of the most important birthday, the 60th, in the life of a Chinese monarch.

The ladies considered the matter carefully, and after thinking of various things they decided to give her a copy of the New Testament. They made new type with which to print it. They printed it on the best quality of foreign paper in the best style of the printer's art. They bound it in silver—embossed bamboo pattern—enclosed it in a silver box; this, again, in a red plush box; this, in turn, in a beautifully carved teak wood box, and this, finally, in an ordinary pine box. They sent it to the British and American ministers, requesting them to send it to the foreign office, and them to send it to the empress dowager.

Now, there was a lot of ceremony about that.

But the Chinese love ceremony. Sir Robert Hart tells a story which illustrates how the Chinese love ceremony. He says that soon after he went to China he was calling upon a Chinese official. He sat bolt upright upon his chair. A Chinese official never leans to one side or the other when on official business. He reached down, took a roll of thin paper out of his boot, quietly unrolled one sheet, rolled the rest up slowly and put it into his boot again. He then used this sheet as a handkerchief, passed it to his servant, who received it in both hands, and in a dignified way he went and deposited it in the paper-basket. I need not say what one can not do with dignity and ceremony in China.

We can imagine this ordinary pine box coming into the palace. It does not look promising, and there are some who might think that it would be opened before it reached her majesty. They do not know what attention the empress dowager gave to all her domestic and private affairs if they think so. Her presents were opened in her presence, and woe betide the person who took liberty with her affairs. It may not look promising; but, like all Chinese, she did not judge the inside from the appearance

of the outside. The Chinese do everything the opposite of what we do.

Go down street in any of our great cities, and you will find all the most beautiful things in the show windows. Not so in China. I had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. William Jennings Bryan in Peking when he was making his trip around the world. And let me say just here that Mr. Bryan visited the missions, studied mission work, and when he returned to America was capable of talking intelligently about missionary enterprises.

I had written a guide-book to Peking, and I offered to show him about the city. As we were going down Liu Li Chang, the great book and curio street, I stopped before one of the stores and remarked,

"We will go in here."

"That is a junk shop, is n't it?" he asked.

"Not entirely," I answered, "though there may be some junk in it."

We entered. There was not a single piece of good ware in the front room. We went into the next room back, where we found some fairly good things. The next room back of that had some very good things; but all his very best

goods were locked up in a little cubbyhole at the very rear of his premises, the opposite of what you would find it in America.

The empress dowager has this pine box opened, and in it she finds a beautifully-carved teak-wood box, carved the same as the frame of her portrait now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

When this box was opened she found within it a red plush box. Red is the sign of happiness in China. The bride's dress is red. The chair in which she rides is red. All your presents at New Year's time are wrapped in red paper and tied with a red string. Everything that wishes one happiness is red; and hence these ladies had silently wished the empress dowager happiness on her sixtieth birthday by this red box.

This, in turn, was opened, and in it she found a silver box. The basis of our monetary system is gold; that of the Chinese is silver; hence the silver box. And when she opened that she found within it the Word of God bound up in silver.

I do not know what influence that New Testament had upon the empress dowager, but that same day the boy emperor, her nephew, whom

she had placed upon the throne, sent a eunuch to the American Bible Society and bought an Old and New Testament such as were being sold to his people.

One ought to know something about the development of this boy, for he was as much of a genius in his way as his aunt. Taken out of a big beautiful world at three and a half years of age, where he had other children to play with, and where he could go about at will, into a little world, a half square mile in size, of brick-paved earth, surrounded by three great walls, what hope was there of his ever learning anything either about the world or about the people he was to govern? Shut up in the palace with thousands of eunuchs and concubines, maid-servants and the two dowager empresses, the only male figure in the palace, not a child to play with, what hope was there for the lad?

The eunuchs went out and brought him Chinese toys. These he did not like. They then found a foreign store on Legation Street, and they purchased some foreign toys, which, by being wound up, would go of their own energy. That was what he wanted—something that would move. As he grew older they bought him

other toys, more suited to his age—Swiss watches and cuckoo clocks. I went through his palace in 1901. There was a long window on the south side of the room which was filled with clocks from one end to the other, all ticking a different time. When telling this to a friend not long since, he remarked,

"They were not there to keep time—simply to tick-le the emperor."

That is what they were for—to tickle the emperor. There were tables about the room and clocks on the tables. There was a beautiful desk with a clock upon it. I sat down on a large French, plush-upholstered chair, and a music-box began to play in the seat of the chair; and this set off an electric fan that was on the wall near by, which kept me cool on that hot August day. It was the emperor's reading chair. He could sit and read, and listen to the music, and be kept cool by the fan. The child had gotten all the wonderful toys of modern times into the palace.

He then heard of the *huo lun che,* the fire-wheel cart, and he had a small railroad built along the west shore of the lotus lake in the palace grounds, and two small cars and an en-

gine made in Europe, and he could take the court for a ride on this newly-constructed merry-go-round. Then he heard of the *huo lun chuan,* and he got steam launches, which he put into the lotus lake and the lake at the summer palace; and these he could hitch to the empress dowager's barge and take the court ladies for a ride on the lake. Then he heard of sending messages by a flash of lightning. That was what he wanted. That would move; and so he got the telegraph into the palace, and soon it was established throughout the empire. He was then told that it was possible to talk to a distance of fifty or one hundred miles. I wonder if you remember the first time you ever heard that. I do, and I did not believe it. We had an old farmer down in Pennsylvania, and when they told him it was possible to talk so that you could be heard to a distance of fifty or a hundred miles, he said:

"It can't be done. My son John kin holler as loud as any man in this keounty, an' he can't be heard more than two miles."

Kuang Hsü was ready to believe anything he heard about these foreigners, and so he got the telephone into the palace, and now the capi-

tal and the coast cities are cobwebbed with telephones. Then he heard of the "talk-box," and the officials came to Peking University, bought our phonograph, and sent that into the palace. Later we sent him a cinematograph; in a word, that child, taken out of this big beautiful world at three and a half years of age, and penned up inside of three great walls, moved all the great inventions of modern times into the palace.

Then he got the New Testament. That was the inspiration. He began studying the Gospel of Luke. I know this, because my assistant pastor and one of my Church members were invited into the palace daily to talk with the eunuchs, and the one who stood behind the emperor's chair while he studied told my friends that the emperor had a portion of the Gospel of Luke copied in large characters every day, which he had spread out on the table before him, and he added,

"I can look over his shoulder and see what he is studying; it is *Lu chia fu yin*—the Gospel of Luke."

After the emperor had studied the Gospel for a short time there were reports about Pe-

king that he was going to become a Christian. Indeed, the eunuchs told my friends that the emperor would line them up and catechise them as to whom they worshiped, nor would he pass them until they confessed that they worshiped Jesus Christ; while two of the court ladies told Mrs. Headland that the emperor said that when he went to the temple he did not worship the idols, but he worshiped *Tien chu,* the God of heaven (the Christian name for God).

While the emperor was studying the Gospel a eunuch came to me and said:

"The emperor has heard that there are a great many books translated out of your honorable Western languages into our miserable Chinese language, and he would like to have some."

I was in charge of two tract societies and the books of the Society for the Distribution of General and Christian Knowledge, as well as the college text-books, and so I sent him some.

The next day he came again, saying, "The emperor wants some more books."

I sent him more books, and the following day he came with the same request. Every day for six weeks that eunuch came from the palace to

get more books for the emperor, and I sent him every book I could find that had been translated or written by Christians. Sometimes I had nothing but a Christian sheet tract to send him. Finally I went into my wife's library and took out her Chinese medical books and sent them to him. Indeed, he bought every book that had been written or translated: Roman Catholic or Protestant, religious, scientific, or social.

One day the eunuch saw my wife's bicycle standing on the veranda.

"*Na, shih shenmo che?*—What kind of a cart is that?" he asked.

"*Na chiu shih ke tze hsing che*—That is a self-moving cart," I answered.

"*Tsen mo chi*—How do you ride it?" he continued.

I took it down and rode a few times around the compound.

"*Che shih kuai, tsen mo pu tao. Chiu yu liang ke lun tze.* This is queer; why does n't it fall down. It only has two wheels."

"When a thing is moving it can't fall down," I explained. Which, by the way, will apply to other things than bicycles.

The next day he came and said, "The emperor wants this bicycle."

I sent my wife's bicycle in to the emperor, and not long afterwards it was reported in Peking that in trying to ride the bicycle his queue had become tangled up in the rear wheel and he had had a fall; and so he gave up trying to ride the bicycle, as many another person has done.

But he got all the great inventions of modern times; then he bought the Bible, which led him to secure all kinds of Western books. These he studied for three years, from 1895 till 1898, when he began to issue his wonderful edicts.

Among his first edicts was one in which he ordered that a Board of Education should be established, with a university in Peking and a college in the capitals of each of the provinces; his object being eventually to have a system of public school education throughout the empire.

Twenty years ago there was just one school established by the Chinese Government in which foreign studies were taught, and this was opened by a man who went to China as a missionary, and who remains there as a missionary

to-day. As a result of this edict we have at the present time more than forty thousand schools, colleges, and universities, in which every phase of foreign learning is taught; and it is worthy of note that the first six colleges and universities opened by the government were through the influence and under the superintendence of five men who went to China as missionaries.

Another of these important edicts was to establish a Board of Railroads; for the only method of travel in China from time immemorial was by mule-cart, mule-litter, sedan-chair, or houseboat—all of them slow and most of them uncomfortable.

As a result of this edict and the sentiment generated by the new system of education, instead of the one hundred miles of railroad twenty years ago, they now have seven thousand miles completed, five thousand miles more projected, and they have just succeeded in borrowing fifty millions of dollars from Europe and America to continue their railroad construction.

A third important edict was to establish a Board of Mines. I have seen old blind women in midwinter, under the old régime, sitting on

the bare ground feeling about them if perchance they might find a few weeds or cornstalks to light a fire under their brick bed and cook their morsel of food and heat their bed, oblivious of the fact that just beneath them were great veins of coal, if only they dared to open the earth and take it out. They did not dare do so. Why? Because the earth was filled with spirits. There were spirits in the earth, in the air, in the trees, in the mountains, in the valleys—spirits everywhere. One could not dig a well without having a small shrine to burn incense to the spirit of the well. Trees —*Ch'eng shen liao*—became gods. But where the gospel and its by-products of intelligence and progress go, the spirits can not stay. And so the spirits are practically banished from China, and they are sinking great shafts deep down into the earth and taking out millions of tons of coal.

The emperor issued twenty-seven such edicts in about twice that many days, all of them equal in importance to those mentioned in the reformation of old China. Do you ask why the young emperor was led to do this? I answer, because the Christian women from Eng-

land and America and the Christian women of China sent a New Testament into the palace. There were other forces at work, forces which had a tremendous influence upon the young man. He was beginning to get a vision of the weakness of his own country—the weakness of their old religious system, their old educational system, their old agricultural system, their old military system, and the strength of the countries represented by the missionaries and the ministers of the foreign governments. As great a man as Chang Chih-tung wrote, about this time, in a book which the emperor ordered printed in large editions and circulated throughout the empire: "Convert the temples and monasteries of Buddhists and Taoists into schools. To-day these exist in myriads. Every important city has more than a hundred. Temple lands and incomes are in most cases attached to them. If all these are appropriated to educational purposes, we guarantee plenty of money and means to carry out the plan. This could be done very well at the present time. The temples really belong to the people who contributed to their establishment. *Buddhism and Taoism are decaying, and can not long exist, whilst the West-*

ern religion is flourishing and making progress every day. Buddhism is on its last legs, and Taoism is discouraged, because its devils have become irresponsive and inefficacious. If there be a renaissance of Confuciansm, China will be brought to order and Buddhism and Taoism will receive secure protection from the sect of the learned. We suggest that seven temples with their land, out of every ten, be appropriated to educational purposes. The emperor can satisfy the ousted priests by the bestowal of distinctions and rewards upon themselves, or official rank upon their relatives. By these means our schools will spring up by the tens of thousands, and after their utility has been demonstrated the affluent gentry will doubtless come forward with subscriptions for a more extended educational enterprise."

All the great forces that have been at work in bringing about the regeneration of China are themselves by-products of our Christian civilization, while the direct inspiration that led the emperor to buy and study all kinds of Western books was that which came from his study of the Gospel of Luke and the New Testament; and hence the present great reform movement

in all phases of Chinese political, business, social, educational, and religious life is itself a by-product of modern Protestant missions. We say Protestant missions, for while Catholicism has been working in China for centuries past, and had had its influence, most, if not all, of which was for the uplift of China, it was too narrow in its scope and vision ever to have gotten the great Middle Kingdom out of the ruts of the ages. It required a vitalizing, revivifying influence, broad enough to take in all phases of life; and this Protestantism alone was able to communicate to the Chinese.

CHAPTER XVII

PRODUCTS AND BY-PRODUCTS

Jesus Christ thought in terms of empires and He talked in terms of continents and worlds, and He wants all of His followers to do the same. His visions were world-visions. He was a subject of no ruler, a citizen of no country. He was a citizen of the world, an inhabitant of the universe, a subject only of the King of kings.

Listen to some of the last commands He gave to His disciples; commands that have been reverberating among the corrugations of my brain for a quarter of a century. Maybe I have quoted them in another chapter. Maybe you have read them over again and again to convince others what the gospel ought to do without being convinced yourself to the point of action. "Go and teach *all nations.*" He thought in terms of empires. "Go and preach the gospel to every creature," "to the uttermost part of the earth." He talked in terms of continents and worlds.

As a young man this came to me as a personal matter, and as I read His last prayer for His disciples and "for all those who should believe" on Him through their preaching, I heard Him say, "As Thou hast sent Me into the *world, even so* (in exactly the same way) have I also sent them into the world," and I could not understand, and I can not yet, how anybody can read that sentence without the feeling that he ought to have some special share in mission work. By mission work I mean helping the fellow who has never had a chance.

It is not enough to say that you believe in home missions. It may be enough for you, but that is because you are small. There are people—little people, shriveled souls—whose vision is no larger than their own village. There are others who can not see beyond their own State, and still others who can not see beyond their own country; but they are not Jesus Christ's kind. He could see Jerusalem. He could see Judea. He could see Samaria and Galilee; but His vision reached also to the uttermost parts of the earth. So I insist that your vision will show how big you are.

Nor do I mean that a person is large just

because he goes to a foreign land to work. There are little souls go long distances. They settle down in one small hole and drill and drill and drill. What we want is large men with large visions, who are ready to go, or ready to stay if their roots are sunk too deep at home, and send some one else in their place. It is just as important to be willing to send as to go, and Jesus Christ in this age wants more men at the home base who are willing to pay their representative on the firing-line, or raise up a man on the foreign field who will go out and teach, or preach to his own people. Get a vision. Then take upon yourself a task—a task big enough for you. A vision without a task will make you a visionary. A task without a vision will make you a drudge. But a task with a vision has a fair chance of making you a hero and some one else a man.

Then, when you have taken upon yourself a task, be a live wire. And remember that a live wire may be one of two kinds: it may be charged by a dynamo and may carry light or power to a thousand neighborhoods, or it may run a dynamo and may set the machinery of a dozen mills in motion.

Get it on your nerves, and remember, as some one has said, that you have two sets of nerves: sensory nerves and motor nerves. There are thousands of people all over the Church who have had missions and a hundred other good things on their sensory nerves for years. There were times when they could not sleep. There were times when it brought tears from their eyes. There were times when it brought a throbbing to their heart. What they want now is to switch it onto their motor nerves. Get it to move your tongue to talk for missions, and you go into your pockets and bring out gifts for missions. Let the farmer plant for missions, and the carpenter build, and the laborer labor, and the millionaire give of his millions for missions. And then let some give, as the Master gave, their life, their blood for the sake of sending the gospel to the last man in "the uttermost part of the earth."

Before I had finished my college life this thing got on my sensory nerves, and I decided that if I could not go to the foreign field I would take up a boy in some mission school or college, educate him, and send him out as my representative in the uttermost part of the earth.

Just as I completed my work in the university I got it switched onto my motor nerves and I was sent to China. I did not get it off my sensory nerves, however. I was sent to "teach," and I tried to put my life and my intelligence, in so far as I could, into the boys I taught. But I could not get away from the thought that it would be gratifying to have a boy with a Chinese tongue and Chinese thought and a Chinese heart whom my money had educated, and who would go forth and teach or preach the gospel in my stead. I could educate a boy for thirty dollars a year; and so I found a boy, and I got him in this way.

My wife went to China two years before I did. She was a physician in charge of the hospital of the Presbyterian mission in Peking. One day a woman, dying of tuberculosis, entered her dispensary, leading a little six-year-old boy by the hand.

The doctor examined her carefully, but was compelled to tell her there was no hope; medicine could not save her life. Nevertheless, as she was a country woman, far from her native village, and had about her all the evidences of poverty, she took her into the dispensary and

assured her that she would do what she could for her. She told her of the love of the Master, of the power of the gospel, and that, while medicine could not save her life, Jesus Christ could save her soul.

There are those who think that one is talking sentiment when he pretends to know that he is saved. But I want to say that, while I believe in sentiment in its place, I do not talk sentiment in matters of this kind. I know I am saved. I faithed that matter out in my conversion, just as I solved my problems in geometry while in college, by reasoning. Spiritual problems are solved by faith just as temporal problems are solved by reason, and after their solution they are just as much a part of our definite knowledge as the products of reason. The reason why there is so much uncertainty about the results of faith is that spiritual knowledge is of a higher order and there are fewer people who have tried to acquire spiritual knowledge in a scientific and logical way.

This woman believed what the doctor told her. Like most of her class, she was not concerned about the scientific explanation, the reasons, and the logical connections. She simply

knew she was saved. She was satisfied that a change had come into her life—a change which banished the fear of death and brought her a lasting peace. She did not understand it. She did not try to understand it. She was satisfied with the thing itself, whatever it was. It made life easier, and it banished all the horror of death by substituting for it a hope of a life to come.

But one day the doctor came into the hospital, and there sat the woman, with her little boy in her arms, to whom she was crooning a Chinese lullaby:

> My little baby, little boy blue,
> Is as sweet as sugar and cinnamon too;
> Is n't this precious darling of ours,
> Sweeter than dates and cinnamon flowers?

and great tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Why, Mrs. Tsan," exclaimed the doctor, "what is the matter? Are you afraid to die?"

"No, I am not afraid to die," she answered; "but when I die, what is to become of this little boy?"

And sure enough, what was to become of that little boy? There are no hospitals, no dis-

pensaries, no foundling asylums, no orphanages, no places of any kind to care for the little folks who are left without parents. These also are by-products of the gospel, and the little ones who are left alone in babyhood and childhood are like so many puppies on the street. But you, my dear reader, do not know what "puppies on the street" means unless you have visited an Oriental city. One of these little motherless animals finds a bone or a cabbage-leaf, and a bigger dog attacks it, bites it, takes away its bone, and it goes whining and hungry away, until some morning its little lifeless body is found stretched out in the gutter and it is hauled away with the refuse.

It is the same with the little human animals. I was coming from church one cold, bright Sunday morning in midwinter. There were a lot of little mat shacks built against the city wall where the beggars lived. A babe had been born in one of these hovels during the night or morning; it was thrown out upon the sand, where it lay like a dead rat as I came home from church. On another occasion I was walking on top of the city wall with one of the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It was just

at dusk. I stumbled upon something, and, looking to see what it was, I found a child's head, the body having been devoured by the dogs. Pardon me for telling these gruesome tales; but that is the fate of many of the little dead children in a land without a gospel.

Every morning there is a big black cart, pulled by a big black cow, comes down the street not two hundred yards from where I have lived for sixteen years. A man goes with it and gathers up the little packages that are wrapped up in floor matting and placed upon the street corners. These he puts in the cart, drags them out of the city, and buries them all in one hole. Such is the fate of the little dead children. Now, what of the living ones?

Often, as I have gone along the streets on cold winter nights, I have passed a large pot, two feet or more in diameter, imbedded upon the top of a clay oven. In this pot the nut dealers roast their chestnuts. The clay of the oven will hold the heat a good part of the night, and often as I have returned from church on Sunday night I have seen two of these little ragged street urchins curled up head to feet, clothed in rags, in this pot, the only place they

have to sleep. At such times one can not help thinking of those who care nothing except for their own comfort and entertainment, of Lazarus and the rich man, and of the words of the Master: "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." And I can not help adding: "God forbid that we should be on the rich man's side of that fixed gulf, whatever it may be, when we long for a drop of water for our parched tongue, because we have appropriated the gifts of the gospel and forgotten the poor." And so this poor woman said, "No, I am not afraid to die; but when I die, what is to become of this little boy?"

And the doctor, her woman's heart moved with compassion for the mother, answered:

"Mrs. Tsan, give me your little boy. I will adopt him as my boy, and I will take care of him."

And Mrs. Tsan gave the little boy to the doctor. Then, some six years afterward, I married the doctor and got that boy, eleven or twelve years old, extra.

I never got anything better in my life—bet-

ter for me and better for the boy. And let me say right here that *a thing is never better for you until you have made it better for some one else.* God gives no gifts outright. With some He deposits ten talents, with others five, with others one; but the time will come when He will require an account.

I put the boy in school. I paid his expenses. I helped to teach him. I watched his development. He was a good boy and a fairly clever boy, and I loved him. But the year before he was about to graduate my wife and I both became anxious about him, as he did about himself. One day, in his junior year, he came to me and said, "Father, I am afraid if I remain in school until I graduate I will go as my mother went."

"Well, my boy," I answered, "what do you want to do?"

"I would like to go out into the country," he replied, "and get plenty of fresh air and exercise, and help some one else, and save my life."

"Why, God bless you, my boy, go!" I exclaimed, and, giving him some money, I added, "I want you to eat good food and take good

care of yourself, and if you need money, write and tell me, and I will send it to you.''

He never wrote for another dollar. He went into the army and taught the officers English, and preached to them. What is preaching? Not getting upon a rostrum and delivering a sermon. That is not preaching. Preaching is just sitting down beside some one in a railroad train, or a trolley car, or in your office or home, or on the side of a well, and telling them of the water of life, or the bread of life, the gospel of salvation.

After he had been in this work for some time there was an old official opened a school in Yang Chou on the Grand Canal. He employed one of our graduates as principal of the school and my boy as assistant principal, and he told them they might take their New Testaments and teach them all they cared to. If he had not allowed this they would not have gone. Then there was an old viceroy got New Testaments enough to send to every official in his province, and he told them they might put them in their schools if they cared to. And while we are taking the New Testament—the foundation of all our civilization—out of our public schools, these Chi-

nese viceroys and officials are putting it into theirs. And at whose instance are we taking it out? Because of the objections of the Roman Catholic and the Jew!—the one a people who have lost their power in every country they have ever dominated, until at present there is not a first-class power that recognizes Roman Catholicism as a State religion; and the other a people who have never had a country since they rejected Jesus Christ and the New Testament. It behooves us in the light of this statement to inquire what it is that has made us what we are, and then to beware of taking the foundation out from under our government.

But, to return to my work and my boy; four years ago I broke down. I am often asked what chair I have in the Peking University. I usually answer that I do not have a chair at all. I have a whole bench. I have been teaching astronomy, geology, botany, zoology, physiology, physics, mental science, moral science, and physical geography. That is my regular diet. But I have taught them (or shall I say that the boys have studied them?) in such a way that our graduates can come to Columbia, Syracuse, Boston, Michigan, Minnesota, Northwest-

ern, and California Universities and enter for post-graduate work without examinations. Moreover, I have taught them every winter for sixteen years with an ulster that reached to my feet, arctics on my feet, gloves on my hands, and a cap on my head, to keep warm. You ask why? I answer, because every thirty dollars' worth of coal we burn to heat the building, burns up the education of a boy. And you can not live in a land without a gospel and turn away boys anxious for an education—so anxious that they are willing to live on food that costs only $1.75 per month—and keep yourself comfortable. God help you, my dear reader, to get this thing on your nerves and spend less upon your own luxuries and more on needy humanity!

I broke down. Simply overwork. I took a tropical, Asiatic disease called sprue, and ran down one pound a day for twenty-one days. I said to my physician,

"Look here, Doctor, I can't keep this up indefinitely."

"Oh, it will stop after awhile," he answered.

It got me down to one hundred and fourteen pounds, and then it stopped. They put me on a milk diet, and kept me on it for nine weeks. Then they shipped me home for repairs.

As I was going from Tientsin to Shanghai I was sea-sick and could not take the milk, and when I arrived at Shanghai I was so weak I could scarcely move. When Dr. Lowry and my wife came to take me off the vessel I said to them,

"If you get me to Seattle alive we will be satisfied."

I never expected to reach Seattle. I felt like a man with one foot in the grave. And I tell you when you get there you think a good deal. Then comes the time when to be saved is the most important thing in time or in eternity. You do not care for dollars. You do not care for fame. Nothing but the knowledge that if you go down into the grave it is all right, will satisfy you. And my wife will testify that during those nine weeks I did not have one blue hour. I know what it means to be saved when you think you are going to die.

They took me over to the hotel, and there was a letter from my boy—the boy my wife had rescued from the street and I had helped to make into a man. I opened it with trembling hands; not from fear, but from love. It was the last letter I would get from him before I

left China; perhaps the last I would ever get. It was covered all over with tear-stains—and there were more on it before I finished reading it. He said:

"My Dear Father:

I am sorry you have broken down. I am sorry you have to go home. I hope you will soon be better, and I hope you will soon be able to come back again."

Then he wrote another paragraph:

"But do n't worry. It is all right. Remember I am here, and I 'll do my best for Jesus Christ."

If there ever comes a time when you feel that you have one foot in the grave, and some little boy or girl whom you have saved from poverty and distress can write and say: "Do n't worry; it 's all right. I 'll do my best for Jesus Christ," there is nothing that will come to you with more of comfort or joy. And I said to myself:

"It 's all right. If I do go down into the Pacific Ocean as my grave, and up to the throne of God, I won't try to apologize for what I have

not done. I 'll just trust Jesus Christ and point back to my boy."

I often think of him as I am thus kept away from my work, and always, as I lie down to sleep at night—especially on Saturday night—for the day begins in the middle of the Pacific Ocean; and as I lie down on Saturday night he is just getting up on Sunday morning. All night while I sleep he is teaching or preaching the gospel of the Master. Then, as he lies down on Sunday night I get up on Sunday morning; and while he sleeps I work. And so for twenty-four hours each day my boy and I work for the Master; for there is no night with us. We do not change night to day, nor day to night; but by being thus on the opposite sides of the world we can do God's work in two hemispheres and among two peoples, and I have a feeling that, though my health may shut me away from China, I have my representative there, who will do his best for Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XVIII

PRODUCTS AND BY-PRODUCTS

If I were asked what is the most important thing to be done in the establishment of Christianity in a non-Christian land, I should say the establishment of Christian homes. The individual is not the unit of a country. The family is the unit. God, when He undertook to people a world, did it by the establishment of a home. Again, when He undertook to save a world from a flood, He did it by saving a home. Once more, when He wanted to raise up a nation into whose minds and hearts He could commit His most precious revelation, He did it by raising up a God-fearing man and wife; for Sarah was as important an element as Abraham in the making of the character of the Jewish people. Those who desire to know the difference between a man with a Christian wife and one with a heathen wife in a non-Christian land may study the history of Abraham and Lot. Both of them were alike called faithful; but while the record of the one is resplendent with honor, that of

the other may not be written. A Christian home in a non-Christian community is to the ordinary home what an arc-light is to a tallow dip, and is a by-product of the gospel the same as the arc-light.

Mr. Wang, a scholar from the Shantung Province, a graduate of the first degree, was in Peking attending the examinations for the purpose, if possible, of securing his M. A. He failed to take his degree, and one day while walking down the Hatamen great street he dropped into our street chapel and sat down to rest and, incidentally, to listen to the preaching. Something that the preacher said caught his attention, caused him to forget his failure, and he became interested in the gospel message.

After the meeting was over Mr. Wang sat still, and as the missionary, Mr. Leander W. Pilcher, was leaving the church, he said to Mr. Wang, among other things,

"I hope you will be among the saved."

"What does he mean?" asked Mr. Wang of Ch'en, the gatekeeper, who was then assisting in chapel work.

Before Mr. Ch'en answered the question, the following conversation took place:

"What is your honorable name, sir?"

"My miserable name is Wang."

"Where do you live?"

"I live in the Province of Shantung, the village of An Chia, near Tai-an-fu."

"What is your business, sir?"

"I have no business at present, but am in Peking to attend the examinations."

"Are you interested in Christianity?"

"Yes, I am interested in it; but I do not understand it. What does he mean by saying he hopes I will be among the saved?"

Mr. Wang—or, as he was always called, Teacher Wang, was of a delicate constitution, with much the appearance of one in the later stages of consumption; and without directly answering his question, Mr. Ch'en asked,

"Would you like to know more about this doctrine?"

"Indeed I would," replied the scholar.

Ch'en invited him to his home to drink tea and talk the matter over, introduced him to Dr. Pilcher and the other missionaries, engaged him in conversation, interested him in the message of salvation, and Mr. Wang was soon anxious like the Philippian jailer to learn the process

by which a man past middle life might attain that very desirable end.

Ch'en offered him a room in the mission compound where he could sleep, conversed with him as often as possible, gave him a New Testament and other books to read, took him to hear the preaching, put him with others in a study class, taught him how to pray and what it meant to believe, and in a short time Mr. Wang was converted. The mission offered him a small salary if he would become their chapel-keeper and give his testimony in the street chapel where he first heard the gospel. Mr. Wang consented to do this for a time; but he soon felt that he ought to proclaim his newly-found Savior to the members of his own family and the people of his native village. The mission, therefore, gave him a cart-load of Christian tracts, a number of copies of the New Testament and the Hymnal, and he set out for Shantung.

When he arrived at home Mrs. Wang asked him to tell about the trip. He did so. He told of the examination and of his failure to pass; of his dejected condition when he went into the street chapel; of the interest shown in him by the boy Ch'en; of the kindness of those whom

he had always been accustomed to think of as "foreign devils;" of the cleanliness of their homes, their earnestness in their religious worship; of their schools for boys and girls, their training-classes for men and women; of their hospitals and their care of the sick; of the clear way in which they seemed to understand the problems of eternity and what one must do to inherit eternal life—problems which had always puzzled him.

That night, and every morning and evening thereafter, he gathered his family about him, as Ch'en had done in Peking, for family worship. All idols were banished from his home. The worship of his ancestors, whose names he did not know but for a few generations back, was given up, or absorbed in the worship of the great Father of us all. He told how they sang, and how they played musical instruments in their worship at Peking. But he could not sing. He was too old to learn to sing; but he hoped his children would some time learn. In lieu of singing he therefore read the hymns; for the hymn book was almost as sacred to him as the Bible.

One day he was reading the hymn:

"Ye who seek the throne of grace
Do not delay" . . .

"Will you kindly read that again?" said Mrs. Wang.

Her husband did so. She thanked him, and he read the remainder of the hymn. She did not ask him to explain the meaning. She thought she understood it. But it was peculiar. It is clear enough in English; but in Chinese *"Pu yao ch'ih yen"* may mean either "Do not delay" or "Do not use tobacco."

Mrs. Wang smoked. Almost every Chinese woman smokes. I do not see why a woman has not as much right to smoke as a man. I would not advise my lady readers to take advantage of their privilege, but the Chinese accord the same rights to their women as to their men in this matter. Mr. Wang had said to himself,

"I will first preach to my own family and my relatives, if I can not induce them to believe I can not expect to persuade my neighbors," a principle that is worthy of any man's practice. What does your wife and children think of your religion? They know you better than any one

else does. Do they approve of it? Does it appeal to them? It often happens that preachers succeed better where they are not known than where they are. They can preach better than they can practice. Mr. Wang's life was a model for his family. Mrs. Wang was of the same type. When a thing was worth believing it was worth practicing, and if it was worthy of practice it was worth preaching.

By a simple process of reasoning—a very simple process—Mrs. Wang, in the light of this hymn as she understood it, or misunderstood it, came to the conclusion that if she smoked she could not go to heaven. Now, is it not queer that Mrs. Wang, who had never listened to any of the temperance people "railing" on the evils of tobacco, should without inquiry have accepted such a conclusion? She did, however; and she put away her pipe. As her neighbors began to believe, through her husband's preaching, she told them what the hymn book said about smoking, and she got them to give up their pipes; and they had a bonfire of women's pipes in the little village of An Chia—the first temperance crusade, so far as I know, that was begun by the Christians in China. And may I

just here remark that the great temperance movement, as it is being carried on so successfully in many parts of the world, is another of the by-products of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Within a month Mr. Wang had induced his family to accept the gospel, together with certain relatives and neighbors, and then he began going about the neighboring villages preaching and selling books.

One day he said to his son, a large, overgrown boy:

"My books will all be sold before I can get another supply from Peking. You take these eighteen names of those who are willing to join the Church, go to Peking, and ask the missionaries to come down and establish a church in my home—and bring back a wheel-barrow load of books."

The boy did as he was told. He was himself one of the converts. He remained in Peking for a few weeks studying in the training-school; and after securing a promise from the missionaries that they would visit his village he took his wheel-barrow load of books and returned home. The missionaries soon followed, baptized some of the converts, established the church in Mr.

Wang's home after the style of the apostles in the early days, and thus began the building of the Church in the shadow of Tai—the great sacred mountain of the province.

Mr. Wang preached for three years, going about all the villages within a radius of a score of miles, often when he was too weak to do so. To all his wife's admonitions his only answer was:

"I must work while it is day. The night will soon come when I can not work."

The night did come, though it was only the beginning of a long, long day for Mr. Wang. He preached only as many years as his Master, but where he preached there is now a mission station, a men's and a women's hospital, boys' and girls' schools, two presiding elders' districts, with churches all over that part of the province.

Mrs. Wang—or "Old Mother Wang," as she has long been called—is probably the most characteristic woman that has been developed by the Church in China. After the funeral of her husband she called her son Ch'eng-p'ei to her and said,

"I want you to take me to Peking, where I

can study in the training-school and take up your father's work."

Her son took her to the capital, where he studied in the boys' school, while she entered the training-school, that they both might prepare themselves for the work that the husband and father had laid down.

Shortly after she had begun her studies some one called her attention to a Chinese character and asked her what it was.

"I do not know," she answered.

"Why, that is your own name," they explained.

"And I began to understand how ignorant I was!" exclaimed Mrs. Wang, as she related the incident.

But she set herself to study, and it was not long until she was able to read the Gospel of John with such facility that she asked to be sent out as a Bible woman and for a time be allowed to teach what she knew. This she did for a time and then returned to her studies, and after two years she expressed herself as ready to return home and take up her husband's work.

They left Peking, she and her son, in a Chinese cart; but they had not gone far when the

cart upset, the old woman became frightened, and did not want to get in the cart again. The boy dismissed the cart, hired a wheel-barrow, put his mother on one side, their bedding and clothing on the other, and wheeled her four hundred miles to her home, in order that she might take up the work that her husband had laid down.

It takes heroes to perform that kind of tasks, and it requires heroines to bear such heroes. But both Mrs. Wang and her son Ch'eng-p'ei answer to that description as the sequel to the tale will show. For forty years Mrs. Wang pursued her labors, going about the villages on a wheel-barrow loaded with books, over which a great umbrella was spread. There were times when the people jeered at her and told her she was crazy. Her only answer to such was,

"You knew my husband, did you not?"

"Yes, I knew your husband."

"He was a scholar, was n't he?"

"Yes; quite right; he was a scholar."

"You would not think he was crazy, would you?"

"No one would dare to think him crazy," they admitted.

"Yet he preached this same doctrine that I am trying to preach," she concluded; and this usually ended the discussion. When "old Mother Wang" was eighty years old she made the trip from Shantung to Peking in a cart, in spite of her fear of that vehicle, in order to ask Mrs. Headland to take her into the palace to preach to the empress dowager, "because," she said, and her hands and her voice trembled, "because I am so old it seems to me that there is a probability that the 'Old Buddha' will be willing to listen to the gospel from my lips."

In spite of her age and her anxiety, however, it was impossible to get her into the palace, as no Chinese woman has ever been admitted within the walls of the sacred Forbidden City since the present Manchu dynasty took the throne, in 1644, if we except the empress dowager's painting teacher, who before she was admitted was forced to unbind her feet, don a Manchu garb, and dress her hair in the fashion of the court.

Some thirty years ago Miss Clara Cushman went from Massachusetts to China, intending to devote her life to the uplifting of the Chinese woman. Her father and mother, however, were

old, and twenty years ago she was compelled to return and care for them until they both went to their reward. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society then asked her to return to China. Before starting she cabled "Old Mother Wang:" "Don't go to heaven till I come. I want to see you again." "Old Mother Wang" waited, and the next picture that came from the field was the American heroine of fifty-six sitting at the feet of the old Chinese heroine of eighty-four. Then Mrs. Wang went peacefully to heaven.

Wang Ch'eng-p'ei became our second ordained preacher in the North China Conference. In 1893 he was stationed at Lan Chou, when Rev. J. H. Pyke visited his Church for the purpose of holding revival services. Dr. Pyke preached night after night without being able to move the people. One night, after he had finished his address, he asked for testimonies, confessions, or prayer. No one moved. Finally Wang Ch'eng-p'ei's little boy arose and said he wanted to confess his sins. When asked by the leader what sins he had, he said:

"Yesterday I was playing with my little sister. She was *tao ch'i* (mischievous), and I

slapped her. That is my first great sin. I have another, also. Last week grandmother sent me to the store. I could not get back before dark, and I was afraid. I knew Jesus could protect me in the dark as well as in the light, but still I was afraid. I did not trust Him."

The confession of this child started a revival service unlike any that had ever been known in North China. Old men steeped in wickedness confessed their sins and begged for forgiveness, and there was started here, as a result of the confession of this child, a revival that overspread all North China, going through the schools, colleges, and theological seminaries as well as the Churches. At this meeting the children became very happy, and the next day, while they were playing in the sand, Dr. Pyke heard one of them exclaim,

"Oh, I am just as happy as though I had a double handful of cash!"

"I am just as happy as though I had a double handful of silver," said his little brother, as he scooped up his hands full of sand and let it run down between his bare feet.

At the time of the Boxer insurrection, in 1900, Wan Ch'eng-p'ei was attending Confer-

ence in Peking. I think I ought to digress enough just here to give an account of the cause of the Boxer trouble. It was not a by-product of missions, as has so often been supposed, but a direct product of the avarice and aggressions of the European governments.

In the spring of 1898 there were two Roman Catholic priests murdered by the Chinese in Shantung. They were German subjects, and as the German Emperor had long been anxious to start the division of China among the powers, he made this a pretext. He sent his fleet into Chinese waters and ordered them to make the mailed fist a terror in the Orient. They did. They compelled the Chinese to pay a heavy indemnity to the families of these two priests and to rebuild the churches and houses destroyed. That was all right. If people take life and destroy property they should help to support those who are left, and restore the property. And that was enough. But it was not enough for the German Emperor. He took the port of Kiao Chiao with fifty miles of territory around it, and compelled the Chinese Government to promise to allow him to open all the mines and build all the railroads within the province. This made

the governor (Yü Hsien) angry, and he established the Big Knife Society, of which his own son was a member, determined ultimately to drive every foreigner out of China. When we remember that the German minister was the only one massacred, and that his death was determined upon long before it was accomplished —for it was published in the New York *Sun* four days before it happened—we may rely upon it that this is the true explanation of the Boxer movement. But Germany was not the sole cause.

When Russia heard that Germany had taken a port and a "sphere of influence" in the Province of Shantung, she demanded and took both Port Arthur and Dalne, without any cause on the part of the Chinese whatever. England, also without cause, took Wei-hai-wei. France in the same way took Kuang-Chou-wan, and Italy tried to take San-men. This all occurred while the emperor was issuing his reform edicts of 1898, and this, and not the missionaries, was the cause of the Boxer uprising.

Wang Ch'eng-p'ei, as we have indicated, was attending Conference in Peking when the Boxers reached that city. Before the Conference closed,

in spite of the watchfulness of the missionaries as well as the native Christians, the railroad was destroyed, and it was impossible for either the missionaries from other stations or the native preachers from other parts of the province to return to their homes. Some may condemn them as shortsighted and careless. To those thus inclined let me say that as brilliant a man as W. A. P. Martin, who had been in China for fifty years and was then president and founder of the Imperial Peking University, remained in his own home until, when he was on his way to the British Legation, whence he was fleeing for safety, his cart and mule were forcibly taken from him by the Boxers, and he was compelled to complete his journey afoot. And Sir Robert Hart, that marvelous statesman, diplomat, and inspector general of the Imperial Maritime Customs Service, who had also been in China for half a century, and had manipulated more treaties for the Chinese Government than any other person, when he entered the British Legation and was asked what of his property he had saved, answered, "Only the clothes I have on."

We can not blame the missionaries, therefore, for having been taken by surprise. Wang

Ch'eng-p'ei was made the leader of the Christians who were organized into troops to defend the mission against the Boxers. When the missionaries were asked to go to the legation, they refused to go unless they could take the students of the university and the girls' high school, together with such Christians as cared to go with them. This was at first refused, but in a few moments thereafter sanctioned, and they were allowed to occupy Prince Su's palace across the canal from the legation. Here Ch'eng-p'ei was also leader of the Christian defenders of the palace.

On one occasion the Boxers got close up to the walls of the palace and attempted to kill the prisoners with bricks, stones, and clubs, while others were on housetops not far away, ready to shoot down any one who appeared in defense of the imprisoned women and girls. Ch'eng-p'ei saw that a sortie must be made, and so he called to his companions:

"Who will follow me and help to drive away these Boxers and save our women and children?"

"You lead, and we will follow," answered a Congregational Christian who was also a leader.

"A good brother!" exclaimed Ch'eng-p'ei,

and with a flourish of his sword he rushed forth at the head of a band of brave Christian soldiers. A Boxer bullet struck him in the chest, and he fell. "Go on, my brothers, drive them away!" he exclaimed. They did so. Then they carried Ch'eng-p'ei, with other brave ones who had fallen, over to the British Legation, where their wounds were as carefully dressed by the physicians and they were as tenderly nursed by the brave missionary girls and women as the foreigners; but Ch'eng-p'ei's life went out in a very few hours, and his name was added to the long list of brave martyrs who laid down their lives rather than give up their faith. A good product among the many by-products of missions in China.

CHAPTER XIX

BY-PRODUCTS IN EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY

When Jesus Christ was preaching to His disciples in Judea and Galilee the world was a mystery. It was unknown and unexplored. It had two centers and two seats of civilization, as indicated by their names: the Mediterranean, the center and seat of the civilization of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and *Chung Kuo,* the "Middle Country"—China—the center and seat of the civilization of the Mongol people of Eastern Asia. Between these, in the real center of the undiscovered world, lay India, to and from which the traffic, the trade, and the travelers of both the other civilizations were constantly going and coming.

Each of these centers had already established its educational and religious systems. The eastern consisted of a kind of speculative philosophy dealing with man, things, law, government, morals, and life; while the western

undertook to discover man in his relation to God, sin, eternity, and death. Each of them worked independent of the other—ignorant even of his existence. Confucius in China and Pythagoras in Greece (500 B. C.) were struggling with the same problems at the same time and answering them in the same general way. Aristotle and Chuangtzu, likewise in China and Greece, and likewise ignorant of each other, as are most of their successors, for the name of Chuangtzu, even in the twentieth century, is omitted from our encyclopedias, while most of my readers have never heard his name, were working on the same great problems with the same masterly intellects. Isn't it pitiable that a writer in an encyclopedia of the twentieth century should be allowed to say, "In his eighteenth year (367 B. C.) Aristotle left Stagiera for Athens, then the intellectual center of Greece and of the *civilized world,*" when two other civilizations of equal growth were developed in the adjoining continent?

These three centers of civilization each had its own separate religions: China had Taoism and Confucianism, neither of which have been distinctly missionary systems; for they have

made little effort to propagate themselves by the sending out of missionary representatives or religious teachers. India had Brahmanism and Buddhism, the former not missionary, while the latter left its birthplace and propagated itself throughout the Oriental world. Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, and indeed all of Europe, gave up their native systems—a strong argument against those who say that a civilized people will never abandon their native religions for an alien system—and adopted that of the Jewish Nazarene.

In order to get this clearly before our minds, for we want to be honest in our analysis, let us admit that these three systems of civilization developed three distinct lines of thinking. The East was dominated by the thinking of Confucius, which was man's relation to man in human government, and it has developed the two oldest systems of government the world has to-day. While they have a system of worship connected with it—the worship of ancestors—it is not a religious, but only a moral system. It has developed a people who have done nothing toward the discovery of God, and little toward the discovery of the world and of things.

The Hindoo system was dominated by Brahmanism and developed a great religio-socialistic system, the head of which was the priest. They had their Menu to draw up rules of government just as the Chinese had their Confucius, and the Greeks their Plato; but his code of laws did not dominate the thinking of the Hindoo people as Confucius did that of the Chinese. The priest took the place in the social system of the Hindoos that the government official took in that of the Chinese, and hence turned the thinking of the people to a contemplation of universal laws, universal principles—the *universal*. They undertook to *think* out God, infinity, eternity, salvation; and they have sat in mystic contemplation until they have thought themselves out to the border of the universe and have arrived everywhere, anywhere, nowhere, unless it be in abstract infinity and universal nothingness. They did not develop a government that would stand the test of time, neither did they get a grasp of things that would enable them to provide for their people.

One could almost imagine that the above description referred to the Jew, except for three things: the Jew gave no place to caste, no place

to idols, and had an infinite conception of the value of things; and hence he kept fast hold of his one God, was left without a government, but with a fair share of the wealth of the world within his coffers.

Now let us turn to the European type of civilization. As the disposition of the Hindoo was to think in terms of the universal, that of the European was to think in terms of the particular. The former was telescopic, without the ability to make a telescope; the latter was microscopic, with the ability to make both a telescope and a microscope, but without the disposition to think in terms of the universal, but always anxious to divide, dissect, analyze, and classify the universal in terms of the particular. Hence he was never able to make a religion that was worth propagating, for religion deals with the universal; but he began to make all kinds of science, for science deals with the particular.

But to make science and discover and understand things he must have schools. These were given him by his priests, who were always in the beginning missionaries from some country that had already accepted the gospel. Let us admit that these colleges and universities were

modeled after the style of those of Isocrates and Plato at Athens and the museums at Alexandria; but "the university," we are told by the author of that article in "Chambers's Encyclopedia," is, however, usually considered to have originated in the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, and to have grown out of the schools which, prior to that period, were attached to most of the cathedrals and monasteries, providing the means of education both to churchmen and laymen and bringing together the few learned and scientific men who were to be found in Europe. Such an institute of the higher learning was at first called *studium* or *studium generale*. When a teacher of eminence appeared, such as Abelard, or Peter Lombard, or Irnerius at Bologna, a concourse of admiring students flocked round him, and the members of the *studium generale* formed themselves, for mutual support, into a corporation, on which the general name of *universitas* came to be bestowed. In this way the oldest universities arose spontaneously.

"The crowds drawn from every country of Europe to Paris, Bologna, and other educational resorts, had first local immunities be-

stowed on them for the encouragement of learning, and to prevent them from removing elsewhere; and the academical societies thus formed were by papal bulls and royal charters constituted an integral part of the Church and State.

"One great difference existed between the constitution of the two most important universities of early times. In Paris the teachers alone constituted the corporation; in Bologna the university consisted of the students or scholars, who at first held the supreme power and appointed the academic officials. In this respect Bologna became the model of the subsequent universities of Italy and the provincial universities of France, which were corporations of students; while the universities of Britain, Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia were like Paris, corporations of teachers, and the Spanish universities occupied an intermediate position. Along with a general resemblance, there was much difference in the constitution and character of the pre-Reformation universities, the form of each being the result of a combination of various circumstances and ideas acting on an originally spontaneous convocation of teachers and scholars."

Now, if any one is disposed to question the origin of the whole university system of Europe and America, let him look up the history of each institution. John Harvard was a preacher. Yale was founded "under the trusteeship of the ten principal ministers of the colony" of Connecticut. Princeton is Presbyterian; Brown, Baptist; Wesleyan, Methodist; Amherst, Congregational. But it is useless to enumerate the list. We have given enough to indicate that the Church sent the missionaries, the missionaries established monasteries and nunneries, and these in the pre-Reformation period developed into the schools, colleges, and universities, until the post-Reformation period, when the Churches began to establish colleges and universities and help to build up a Christian government, which opened State universities and a public school system; so that all our educational régime is a by-product of missions.

Now let us go back to the fifteenth century and take a view of the map of the world. Asia was a mystery. Africa was an unknown country. The Atlantic was the bugaboo of the world, though Europe, the last of the three conti-

nents to awake, was beginning to wonder. She wanted to know. She began to dig in the earth and read the history of past ages. She began to question the heavens and doubt the decisions of Ptolemy. She began to want to see farther out into space. She began to doubt that the earth was flat and to believe that it was round. She began to question whether one would fall off if he got too near the edge. She believed that it would be possible to sail around the world, and doubted that if one went down around one side it would be impossible to get up the other. Her thought was in a ferment. She wanted to know. But we call attention to the fact that it was the people who had been developed by the schools that had been established by the Church, carried first by the missionaries, that wanted to know.

To know, they must go. Bartolommeo Diaz, venturing farther upon the South Atlantic than any others before his time, finally rounded the Cape of Good Hope, though unaware of the fact, and took possession of ports of the coast of Africa in the name of his king, about the year 1485-6. In 1497 Vasco da Gama, also of Portugal, fitted out a fleet of four vessels, manned

by one hundred and sixty men, determined to find a southern route to India. Taking Diaz with him as an under officer, they left Lisbon on the 8th of July, 1497, and after encountering fearful storms, doubled the Cape of Good Hope the 19th of November, and after touching many places on the east coast of Africa, reached Calicut in India on the 20th of May, 1498.

In the meantime Columbus had been braving the storms of the Atlantic in an effort to discover a passage to India by sailing directly west, instead of which he made the greatest discovery the world had reserved, so familiar to every American school boy that it is unnecessary to record here what happened in 1492. What Columbus failed to do, however, was reserved for Fernando de Magellan, who sailed on September 20, 1519, from San Lucar with five ships and two hundred and thirty-six men, struck the mouth of the La Plata, rounded the coast of Patagonia, discovered and sailed through the Strait of Magellan, and reached the Philippine Islands, where he lost his life in a fight with the chief on the 26th of April, 1521. His companions continued their voyage, reaching Spain on September 6, 1522, thus complet-

ing the first voyage ever made around the world.

It would be interesting to follow Captain Drake, who lost his life in his discovery of the Sandwich Islands as did Magellan in the Philippines. It would be equally interesting to follow the Cabots, and Ross, and Cook, and Wiley, and hosts of other naval officers who rank among the explorers, all from countries developed by the gospel, in vessels made by gospel-developed men, often *discovering* and *revealing to the world!* islands in the Pacific Ocean with missionaries already upon them. We do not overlook the fact that many of these discoveries were made by men who were far more interested in discovering a passage to India for purposes of trade; and hence the man who is writing the history of the development of trade could reasonably claim that these discoveries are the results of the merchants rather than the missionaries. But a long view of the growth of trade will reveal the fact that these traders themselves are the result of a Christian rather than a pagan system of civilization, and hence, in a last analysis, are the result of the work of the missionaries.

My friend Oscar Huddleston, of the Philippines, a very large and handsome man, with a very large suit-case, and I were compelled to take a hack early one morning at Summerfield, Kan., while on laymen's missionary work, to catch a motor car some seven miles distant. I had two suit-cases of my own. There was an insurance agent also in the hack, and we had difficulty in storing our luggage between the seats.

"Pity that the cannibals had n't eaten all the missionaries," the insurance agent remarked.

"In that case you would have been out of business," I answered.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, a world without a gospel means a world without insurance companies. Life and property are not protected where paganism reigns."

"Oh! I guess the white man would have developed insurance companies, all right," he continued.

"The white man never worked in that direction before he got the gospel," I answered. "Look up the early history of Europe."

"Well, I would have run the risk," he replied.

"Your business is to induce people not to take too much risk, is n't it?" I asked.

"Sure," he replied.

"Then, are you quite reasonable in this matter?" I asked.

"Well, I 'd run the risk on the cannibals and the missionaries," he replied. "I do n't believe much in missions, anyhow."

"Well, you do believe in government, do n't you?"

"Yes."

"And in education?"

"Yes."

"And in trade?"

"Yes."

"Well, you just look up"—and I went on to give him the contents of chapters one, two, and three of this book, which made him want to discuss other subjects. But I refused to let him do so until I gave him this parting shot:

"My friend, if the missionaries had never carried the gospel to your ancestors and mine, instead of our riding in a spring carriage in Kansas, America might have remained a wil-

derness until this day, and you and I might have been squatting on our haunches gnawing a breakfast bone after the style of our unevangelized ancestors of Europe."

We then talked of other things until we reached the railroad station; but as we had been good-natured throughout the discussion, he came to me after we entered the car, and as he sat down beside me he said,

"Say, you are the best-fortified missionary I ever met."

"Perhaps your experience has n't been very extensive."

"Well," he continued, "the difference between you and me is that you believe in inspiration and conversion and I do not."

"Then you have not been converted?" I remarked, interrogatively.

"Not much," he replied.

"Well, I have," I answered.

"You think you have," he continued.

"I know I have," I insisted.

"How do you know you have?" he asked.

"Let me explain in a round-about way," I answered. "You will admit that the brain is the highest type of physical creation, won't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will also admit that connected with the brain in some mysterious way there is a thinking man?"

"Yes."

"And that reason is the highest faculty (or state of the mind) of this thinker?"

"Yes."

"And that it is this reason that enables us to solve a problem in mathematics?"

"Yes."

"Now, if your reason was not developed, if you had not exercised your reason, you could not solve mathematical problems?"

"Yes."

"You will admit also that thinking relates us only with things, won't you?"

"Yes."

"Will you admit also that above thinking man we have another man, which we call the moral man?"

"Surely."

"Well, will you allow that that moral man has a conscience?"

"Most assuredly."

"Do you think that conscience may be de-

veloped by exercise or dwarfed by lack of exercise?"

"It certainly can."

"Then it is just as much a faculty (or state of mind) as reason, is n't it?"

"I had n't thought of it in that way," he replied; "but, yes, I 'll admit it."

"Then it holds the same relation to the moral man as reason does to the thinking man. It is the highest faculty."

"Looking at it that way, yes."

"But the moral man relates us to our fellow-men," I went on, "just as the thinking man relates us to things."

"So it seems."

"Now, will you take another step and admit that, besides having a thinking department and a moral department, we also have a religious department to the mind?"

"Some people have," he admitted.

"Do not all peoples?" I asked. "Do you know of a people without some form of religion or worship? I do not mean a person, but a people."

"Yes, all peoples, so far as I know, have some form of religion."

"Well, will you admit that faith is to the religious man what conscience is to the moral man and reason to the thinking man—the highest state of the religious mind, or the highest faculty?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then faith may be developed."

"I suppose so."

"But faith links us to God just as reason links us to things."

"Yes, I presume so."

"Then the way to solve religious problems is to set faith to work on them, just as we solve mathematical problems by setting reason to work on them."

"So it would seem."

"Now, if I had never studied mathematics would you have much respect for my opinions on geometry or trigonometry?"

"Not much."

"Well, that is just how I feel about your opinions on religion and conversion."

"Say, old man, you 've got me," he admitted. "I can't talk with you on theology."

"Well, I think I could pay you the same compliment on insurance. And, frankly, I

would not try to. I never try to pose as an authority on a subject that I do not know much about." And I parted from the man with a cordial handshake on his part as well as mine, and a bit wiser, I hope, on both missions and religion.

Let us turn, now, to the exploration of Africa during the nineteenth century. From the time of Pharaoh Necho, about six hundred years before the Christian era, who, as Herodotus tells us, sent an expedition down the Red Sea, with orders to sail around what was then considered an island, and which they succeeded in doing within the space of three years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century Africa was a closed continent. Something was learned of the shores both east and west, but little was known of the central plateau.

"The discovery of diamond fields and coal mines in the Transvaal Republic," says Bayard Taylor, "and of a gold region to the north of Limpopo, promises to change the character of the country in a very short time. Indeed, these new sources of wealth have already given a fresh importance to South Africa and will hasten the complete exploration of the regions

first penetrated by Moffat, Anderson, and Livingstone."

In a later chapter Bayard Taylor goes on to say: "The Protestant missionaries were really the first explorers of South Africa, and to comprehend how much those missionaries dared, in their zeal for the conversion of the native tribes, we must remember how the hostility between the Dutch Boers and the Hottentots, especially the Namaquas and Bushmen, had been confirmed by generations of warfare. It was a settled, chronic enmity, and the suspicion which it engendered could only be overcome by slow degrees."

Mr. Taylor goes on to rehearse in a book of three hundred and eleven pages, in the "Library of Travel," the history of the opening up of South Africa, two hundred and fifty pages of which are culled from the writings of these three missionaries and their travels, and says: "The patience, zeal, and integrity of the Scotch character was admirably adapted to this arduous work, and in the annals of missionary enterprise there are no more deserving names than those of Campbell, Moffat, and Livingstone."

In his work on Central Africa, after review-

ing the explorations of the ancients as recorded by Herodotus and Eretosthenes, and the further explorations of the Portuguese during the eighteenth century, especially the Portuguese traveler Lacerda, he tells us that "two German missionaries, Krapp and Rebmann, who were stationed at Mombas, on the Zanzibar coast, learned, through their intercourse with the natives, of the existence of high mountains, covered with snow, in the interior; and in the year 1850 [six years before Captain Burton, the first of the explorers of Central Africa, started on his expedition] the former succeeded in penetrating far enough to attain a distant view of the great peak of Kilimandjaro, the height of which has since been estimated at twenty thousand feet above the sea. Although Dr. Krapp, in subsequent journeys, did not reach the mountain range, he established its existence, with the fact that the peaks of Kilimanjaro and Kenia rose above the limit of perpetual snow. He also brought reports of a large lake beyond the mountains, and waters flowing northward, which he conjectured to be the sources of the Nile."

"By glancing at the map of the world in 1810," says Dr. Barton, "as printed in the story

of the American Board, we see that when this board was organized all the interior of Africa and Australia is marked as unexplored. It is understood that practically nothing was then known with certainty about the interiors of China and Japan." It is true that Marco Polo has given us his travels of the thirteenth century, but, though it was these travels that inspired Vasca da Gama and Columbus to undertake to discover other easier passages to the Indies, the story itself was regarded as for the most part pure fiction. It was not until the time of Abbe Huc—notwithstanding the travels of Xavier and the other fathers of the Roman Church—that a reliable record of the interior of China, Tibet, and Mongolia was given to Europe.

Now, it would have to be admitted by a writer on explorations that the discovery of the world was largely directly due to the inordinate desire for wealth and trade on the part of the explorers. But when we come to inquire who these traders were we find them all coming from the Christian countries of Europe, and we are forced to the conclusion that trade is a result of the intelligence developed by the schools

which were established by the Church, and that these explorations were but an indirect product of this same intelligence.

But now come to the more direct testimony, and without hesitation we assert that the history of the exploration of Southern and Central Africa can not be written without the credit being given most largely to Moffat, Anderson, Campbell, Livingstone, Krapp, and Rebmann. When we turn to China we go at once to Huc and the other early Jesuit and Lazarist fathers, while for a detailed study of the empire we must go to the records and reports of the various mission stations that are scattered throughout the country.

CHAPTER XX

BY-PRODUCTS IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

At the beginning of the nineteenth century little effort had been made to reduce the languages of the less-favored peoples to writing, and of course nothing had been done toward giving them a literature. The business of the missionary was to preach the gospel, but this he could not do until he had first learned their language or taught them his own. Merchants, travelers, and explorers had sometimes preceded him, but they were interested, for the most part, only in learning enough of the language of the natives to serve the purposes of travel or trade, and one of the most interesting productions of trade throughout the world is the jargon that has been produced by the combination of the languages of the traders.

At the head of all these jargons stands "pidgin English," the combination of the two greatest business languages of the world, for I think it will be readily admitted that there are no two

peoples in the world who can surpass the Englishman and the Chinese as traders. What happened, now, when they came together? The Englishman could not talk Chinese, nor could the Chinese speak English, and they were both too anxious to barter and earn to take time to translate and learn. Am I saying too much also when I add that in most cases they were not of such caliber that the making of a grammar or a dictionary was an easy matter? They were there to make money, and not to make books.

As the Englishman was the stronger of the two, had ferreted out the paths of the sea, and come a long distance, he compelled the Chinaman to take the heavy end of the job, as all superior men do, making him learn the English words, while he consented to speak them after the Chinese idiom. For that is what "pidgin English" is—English spoken according to the Chinese idiom, for business (pidgin) purposes; and, as Dr. Barton has well said, " 'Pidgin English' seems quite good enough for their uses, and in fact is one of the mercantile contributions to the philological museum of the world." Nor will the Chinese accustomed to this jargon

understand a word you say so long as you talk good English.

I remember on my way to China, at the hotel at which we were stopping, one of the ladies wanted to give her children a bath before putting them to bed. She called the "boy," as all servants are called in China, no matter how old they may be, and said to him,

"Get me some hot water, I want to give the children a bath."

The boy looked dazed, but did not go.

The lady repeated her order in a bit higher tone.

The "boy" looked about him with an anxious, if not frightened, look, for he might lose his place if he could not understand his orders, but did not move.

Again the lady gave her order, with perhaps just the least little bit of petulance; but the boy did not move.

Just then her husband, who was a suave and quiet gentleman, and who had traveled in all countries and could make himself understood in all languages, entered the room.

"Papa," said his wife, "I never saw such a stupid 'boy' as this one is. I have told him

again and again to get me some hot water, so that I can give the children a bath; but he does n't seem to understand a word I say."

The husband turned quietly to the boy and said in an even tone,

"Catchee one piecee bath, chop, chop;" and the "boy" went off like a shot from a gun.

But the Chinaman does not have a high regard for the man who talks "pidgin English" to him.

For years the East India and other companies had been trading with China, but it was not until Robert Morrison went out, in 1807, that a dictionary of the Chinese language was made that they could use. When Dr. Morrison found it was impossible for him to enter China he became the translator for the East India Company, in whose employ he remained for many years, putting both the Old and the New Testament into Chinese.

But Dr. Morrison's work was only a beginning, and the world is inclined to overestimate the work of these beginners, as compared with their successors, because of the interest that always attaches to first things. Dr. S. Wells Williams made a very much better dictionary and

prepared a book, "The Middle Kingdom," which has revealed China to the English-speaking peoples, while Dr. James Legge performed the herculean task of putting all the Chinese classics into English, thus giving us, in our own language, the best products of all Chinese literary work. These, with the works of Chalmers, Edkins, Martin, Smith, and other missionaries, have given us a reasonably clear idea of the philological, sociological, political, and literary character of the Chinese people. While for studying the language, it will be admitted that Mateer has given us the best of all helps.

"How much the world owes to the philological achievements of the missionaries," says Dr. Barton, "could hardly be recorded in a single volume, even of large proportions. They have made a far greater contribution to this subject than all other students of language combined.

"Commissioner Sir H. H. Johnston, of British Central Africa, emphasizes the huge debt that philologists owe to the labors of missionaries in Africa. He reports that nearly two hundred African languages and dialects have been illustrated by grammars, dictionaries, vo-

cabularies, and Bible translations; that many of these tongues were on the point of extinction, and some have since become extinct; and that we owe all the knowledge we have of them to the intervention of the missionaries.

"When we turn to the Pacific Islands we find that our knowledge of the many languages spoken there is due almost, if not wholly, to the missionaries. As we go over the groups, the Sandwich Islands, Ponape, the Mortlocks, the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, as well as the more remote, the Fiji, the New Hebrides, and the Solomon Islands, we can not but be impressed with the value of the missionaries' contribution to the world's knowledge by their discovery of the languages spoken by these peoples and the embodying of the same in an orderly literature. It seems but yesterday that Dr. Hiram Bingham was with us, who, together with Mrs. Bingham, gave to the Gilbert Islanders their own tongue, with a grammar and dictionary, embodying it in hymns, a New Testament, a Bible dictionary, and other books.

"Starting with William Carey in India, who is credited with translating the Bible in whole or in part into twenty-four Indian languages

and dialects, until the present time, the missionaries have been searching out the unknown tongues spoken by that great polyglot people in order to put them in permanent form as the channel through which Christian truth may be conveyed.

"In a word, wherever missionaries have gone they have been students of the vernacular before they were preachers of the gospel; and they have been architects of grammars, vocabularies, and lexicons, and creators of a Christian literature in the form of Bible translations before they erected churches.

"If missionaries had not done this work, who would have undertaken it? It could not have been expected that independent students of philology would have been content to bury themselves for a lifetime in the center of Africa or upon an island in the midst of the Pacific or in the interior of China, simply for the purpose of giving to the world a correct knowledge of the vernacular spoken by the people in those different regions. The sacrifice demanded would have been too great for the promised reward. No one would expect that the merchants who touched but the fringes of the great East-

ern countries would give much attention to the niceties of the language of the people with whom they traded. 'Pidgin English' seems quite good enough for their uses, and in fact is one of the mercantile contributions to the philological museum of the world.

"It is only the missionaries, as a class, who have had a motive strong and permanent enough to carry men and women of the highest intelligence and training into the uttermost parts of the earth and there hold them at the task of language study until it eventuated in an extensive and orderly literature.

"Over four hundred effective and living versions of the Bible, translated for the most part by missionaries and native co-workers trained by them, are now in use. These have stood the test of scientific scrutiny and are the crowning proof of the thoroughness with which the chief languages of Africa and the East have been mastered by the missionaries.

"It is not claimed that the missionaries have done extensive work in comparative philology. Their task has been to make themselves masters of one, two, or, as in the case of Dr. Elias Riggs, of Turkey, of several languages, not for the

purpose of comparing one with another, but solely for the purpose of coming into the closest relations with those to whom the conquered language was a household tongue. Philologists of the West have made the accurate preliminary work of these pioneers the field for their own investigations and comparisons.

"The literary work of the missionaries has introduced into all of these countries the modern art of printing and has built up extensive printing establishments in all the Eastern centers of population which are producing millions of pages annually of vernacular literature. This includes not only the Bible in whole or in part, but all kinds of educational books, besides translations and original productions, religious, scientific, and literary, for the general enlightenment of all classes.

"This work has now made such progress that many presses which began under the direction of missionaries and were aided with funds from the missionary societies are now owned and conducted by native firms. Much of the publication work of the missionaries themselves in some countries, like Japan and India, is now done entirely by native companies.

"But we have digressed from philological contributions to literary output, which is nevertheless a part of the same subject. It is through this extensive output that comparative philology is kept up to date and that the rapid changes taking place in so many of the Eastern languages are traced. This study is materially aided by the great number of vernacular periodicals published upon mission presses and forced to keep up with the modern linguistic trend in order to command the attention of their clientele. Educated native scholars are now carrying on this work.

"The missionaries are following closely, as are the native scholars, the linguistic changes that are taking place in languages spoken by peoples that are making rapid progress in general education, like the Bulgarian, the Armenian, and Turkish, some of the languages of India, the Chinese, and the Japanese. It is the business of the missionary to keep close watch of all literary changes in order that he may put his message into such form that it will command respectful hearing.

"If it were possible to bring together in one place samples of all the grammars, dictionaries,

hymn books, Bibles, school books, and works of general literature of every kind and from all parts of the world which have been written or translated during the last century by missionaries or under their supervision, it would make one of the most complete exhibits of the languages and dialects spoken by more than five-sixths of the people of the world that could be produced. On the other hand, if there could be collected all that has been done in this direction by others than missionaries, or by those working with them, we would find but a meager exhibit; showing conclusively how indebted we have been and yet are to the missionaries for their persistent, scholarly, and accurate endeavors along philological and literary lines. While the work in this respect has been unquestionably missionary, it has at the same time been highly scientific; and while it has contributed directly to the success of missionary work, it has added enormously to the philological knowledge of the world.

"The results of this labor are now available for the Church to employ in reaching the intellects as well as the hearts of the people of the East."

CHAPTER XXI

BY-PRODUCTS IN NON-CHRISTIAN SYSTEMS

While giving a series of lectures recently at the Boston University on "The By-Products of Missions," Sir Wilfred Grenfel was delivering a similar series at Harvard on "The Adventure of Life." I afterwards met him, and in talking over the matter he asked me what I meant by the "by-products of missions." I called his attention in a brief way to the contents of the foregoing chapters, when he exclaimed:

"Why, yes; I had never thought of it in that way before. The fact is that all our civilization and progress, traced back to a last analysis, is the result of the gospel of Jesus Christ as carried by the missionaries!" I wonder if there is any one who would feel disposed to deny that statement.

For some time I had been thinking of the changes that had been brought about in the non-Christian religious systems by the influence of

the gospel, and while attending the "Orient in Providence" I had an opportunity to talk the matter over with an eminent Japanese professor.

"What influence, if any," I asked him, "is Christianity having on the native religions of Japan?"

"It is changing them entirely," he answered.

"Can you point out any definite changes that are being brought about?" I inquired further; "for there are a great many people who are ready to make assertions, but the world wants definite facts."

"Well," he answered, "take, for instance, the *Young Men's Buddhist Association.* This has been established since the Young Men's Christian Association went to Japan, and is modeled after the same pattern. It gives lectures, holds study classes, has a gymnasium and reading-rooms, as well as methods for entertaining the young men after the style of its Christian prototype. It never had anything of that kind before, indeed Buddhism never thought of making any effort for the saving of the young men by gathering them off the street

until it learned it from the Young Men's Christian Association."

"That is an important change," I admitted. "You are sure that it is the result of the suggestion and influence of the Young Men's Christian Association?"

"Where else could it have come from?" he asked. "No Buddhist would deny that they developed it as a result of seeing the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. But that is not the only change," he continued, "that has come to Japanese Buddhism as a result of Christian influence and Christian example."

"Ah, indeed!" I exclaimed.

"Before the opening of Christian schools the Buddhists never thought of opening schools for the instruction of the children of their followers."

"And have they schools now that correspond to our Church schools?" I inquired; for this was a suggestion of change which I had never thought of before.

"They not only have schools for men," he answered, "but schools for women and girls as well; and these schools are modeled after the

style of our own. They teach the leading tenets of Buddhism outside of the regular course of study, just as our schools aim to instil into the minds of the children the great principles of the gospel. Indeed, I regard that as one of the greatest social influences that the gospel has had in Japan. It is an effort on the part of the Buddhists to put the new wine of the gospel into the old skins of Buddhism."

To me this was very interesting, more so, perhaps, because I had been thinking so long upon this subject; but I do not see how it can fail to interest any one as a sidelight in the illumination of the world.

"And are there any other results of this character?" I inquired.

"Many of them," he answered. "The Buddhists are now publishing newspapers and magazines similar to those of the Church in America, and these are having a large influence upon the people—a wider influence, though not perhaps as deep and lasting as that of the schools. It is simply an adoption of Christian educational methods to keep their people with them. These newspapers and magazines are not of a bad type and are doing a good deal toward the

enlightenment of the people. They furnish them with something to read, and bind them together into a kind of a social community."

"I was not aware," I said, "that the Buddhists had gone so far in adopting our methods. Perhaps they have taken others?"

"Indeed they have," he answered. "They now have Sunday schools similar to our own, in which they sing hymns and play on organs not very unlike those which we use in our churches. They have established orphanages, in which they rescue children and care for them much as we do in ours. They have hospitals, where they care for the sick and thus win for themselves a large number of adherents that they could get in no other way. They have even established women's societies, which are undertaking to do for the women of Japan what our own women's societies are doing for the women of Christian lands."

From what my Japanese friend told me it will be seen that Buddhism in Japan, if not in other countries, has been materially altered by its contact with Christianity. Has the reverse been true? Who can tell of anything that Christianity has adopted from Buddhism? Is there

not some significance in this for those esoteric Buddhists who have never seen Buddhism in the countries where it has had its opportunity for centuries?

"And may I ask," I went on, "if there have been changes in the customs of the Shintoists similar to those you have just described in Buddhism?"

"I have not tried to tell of all the changes in Buddhism," he answered, "because those which have come to one religion have come also to the other, and what I shall now speak of as peculiar to Shintoism might just as well have been described in connection with Buddhism. In Japan we have had our national shortcomings, peculiar to all non-Christian peoples. Some of these are connected with our marriage, and others with our funeral ceremonies. Indeed, under the old régime the ceremonies connected with both marriage and death were either very loose or very uncertain. Some men would take a wife with but very little ceremony, and get rid of her with even less. One of the strict rules of the Church was that a man should take but one wife; she should be given to him at the altar, and except in an extreme case,

he might not put her away. This appealed to the better element of the Japanese, and it is not too much to say that the faithful Buddhists and Shintoists were among these better people."

"And so they adopted the marriage ceremony, did they?" I inquired.

"They did," he replied. "It is not uncommon at the great Shinto temple, *Hibiya Dai Jingu,* in Tokyo, to see marriages being solemnized, and it is worthy of note that the priests will never perform a marriage ceremony at this temple for less than fifteen yen, so that they are making it a source of income for the temple."

"And do they take part in funeral ceremonies as well?" I asked; for he had spoken of both marriages and funerals.

"Before the coming of Christianity to Japan," he answered, "neither the Buddhists nor the Shintoists would have anything to do with funerals or marriages. But they soon found that these were the two occasions when the heart was most susceptible to influence, and when people were most in need of sympathy and comfort. And taking their cue from the Christians, they conduct the funeral ceremonies of

their dead just as they take part in the weddings, but they will not officiate at a funeral any more than at a wedding without remuneration. They charge for conducting a funeral according to the number of priests they furnish, and, of course, according to the length of the family's purse or their reputation for wealth in the community."

In China, so far as I have seen, little if any influence has been brought to bear upon Buddhism that has effected any change. China is a large place; the people are a great people, firmly bound to their customs, and it is not likely that these religious changes will appear at an early date among them.

The same can not be said of India. I was talking with a noted Hindoo professor, who was a delegate to some religious meeting in America not long since, and I put the same question to him that I did to my Japanese friend.

"What changes, if any, have been brought about in Hindooism by the influence of the gospel?"

"Among the greatest changes," he answered, "outside of the regular preaching to

the people, are the development of such societies as the Bráhma Samáj and the Aryan Samáj, which, though they are strictly Hindoo—that is, in no way connected with the Church—are yet believing in a God and preaching a doctrine that seem to be learned more from the Bible than from any other source."

I began looking up the matter, and I was not surprised to find that the Bráhma Samáj is a theistic communion which owes its origin to Rája Ram Mohan Rái, who was born in the district of Bordwán in 1772. He mastered the Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian languages at an early age, was impressed with the fallacies of the religious worship of his countrymen, studied the Hindu Shastras, the Koran, and the Bible, gave up polytheistic worship as false, and at first taught the principles of monotheism as found in the ancient Upanishads of the Vedas, though most likely influenced more by the monotheism of the Bible.

In 1816 he established a society consisting only of Hindus, in which texts from the Vedas were recited and theistic hymns were chanted. "In 1830 he organized a society for prayer-meetings, which may be considered as the foun-

dation of the present Bráhma Samáj," and one need not go far to find the example and the inspiration which led him to start a prayer-meeting. While the society at first admitted only Hindus, when they dedicated their first building, we are told that "it was a place of public meeting for all sorts and descriptions of people, without distinction, who shall behave in an orderly, sober, and religious manner."

Those who are interested in the trust-deed of the building will find it under the "Bráhma Samáj" in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," where we are told that "the new faith at this period held to the Vedas as its basis. The founder, Rám Mohan Rái, soon after left India for England, where he died in 1835." The society maintained a bare existence till 1841, when Bábu Debendra Náth Tagore, of Calcutta, took it up, gave it a printing-press, established a paper, "to which the Bengali language now owes much for its strength and elegance." About the year 1850 some of the followers discovered that the greater part of the Vedas is polytheistic, and a schism took place. "Between 1847 and 1850 branch societies were formed in different parts of India, especially in

Bengal, and the new Church made rapid progress," says the "Britannica," "for which it was largely indebted to the spread of English education and the labors of the Christian missionaries."

It is not necessary to follow them further in their progress except to say that later, about 1860, the younger Bráhmans, headed by Bábu Kesab Chandra Sen, tried to carry their religious theories into practice by excluding all idolatrous rites from their social and domestic ceremonies, and by *rejecting the distinction of caste altogether.*" This was a definite characteristic of the Church from the beginning; it is not improbable that it was from this source that Kesab Chandra Sen got his inspiration. This caused the schism to widen into a "visible separation," and the two parties were known thereafter as the progressives and the conservatives. The former have made considerable progress. "They have built a church in Calcutta which is crowded *every Sunday evening,* and they encourage the establishment of branch Samájes in different parts of the country."

After the death of Kesab Chandra Sen the leadership of the sect was taken up by Moo-

zoomdar, whose "Oriental Christ" and other books on the doctrines of the Bráhma Samáj are an exhibition of a deep piety which only an Oriental—and I was about to add, a Hindu—could set forth. But not simply a Hindu of the Hindus, but a Hindu who has been touched, whether consciously or unconsciously, by the Spirit of the Master.

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